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DECEMBER 2,
1891.
VOL. XXX. — No. 769.

NEW YORK.

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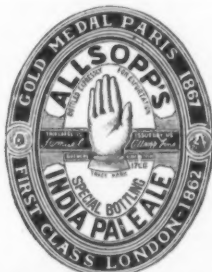
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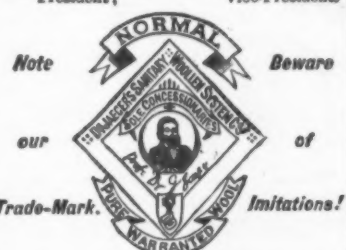
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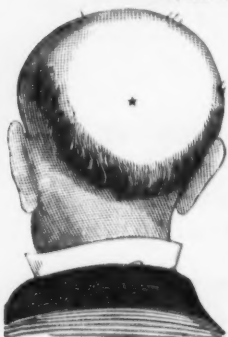
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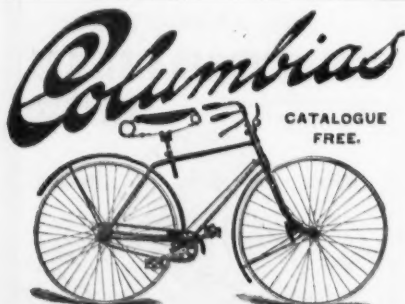
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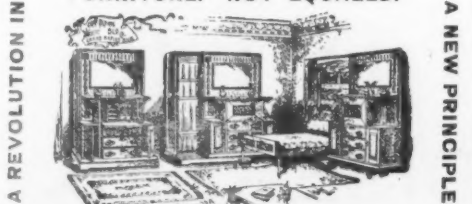
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FOR COMPLEXIONS
BAD ROUGH HANDS
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BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, BLOTCHY, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

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It is a shoe that is beyond comparison with the cheaper grades offered; indeed, the lowest grade we sell is a higher quality than the best usually advertised. Our Cordovan is the best "Snow Excluder," though, for real wear, our English Grain has no superior. Our Cork Sole Shoe will keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable. If once you try them you will wear no other. We make every style of shoes—using only genuine imported leather—from a heavy "Hunting Boot" to a patent leather Serge Congress for evening wear, and prepay delivery charges where our goods are not sold. Illustrated Catalogue free.

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If we think of soap as a means of cleanliness only, even then PEARS' SOAP is a matter of course. It is the only soap that is all soap and nothing but soap—no free fat nor free alkali in it.

But what does cleanliness lead to ? It leads to a wholesome body and mind ; to clean thoughts ; to the habit of health ; to manly and womanly beauty.

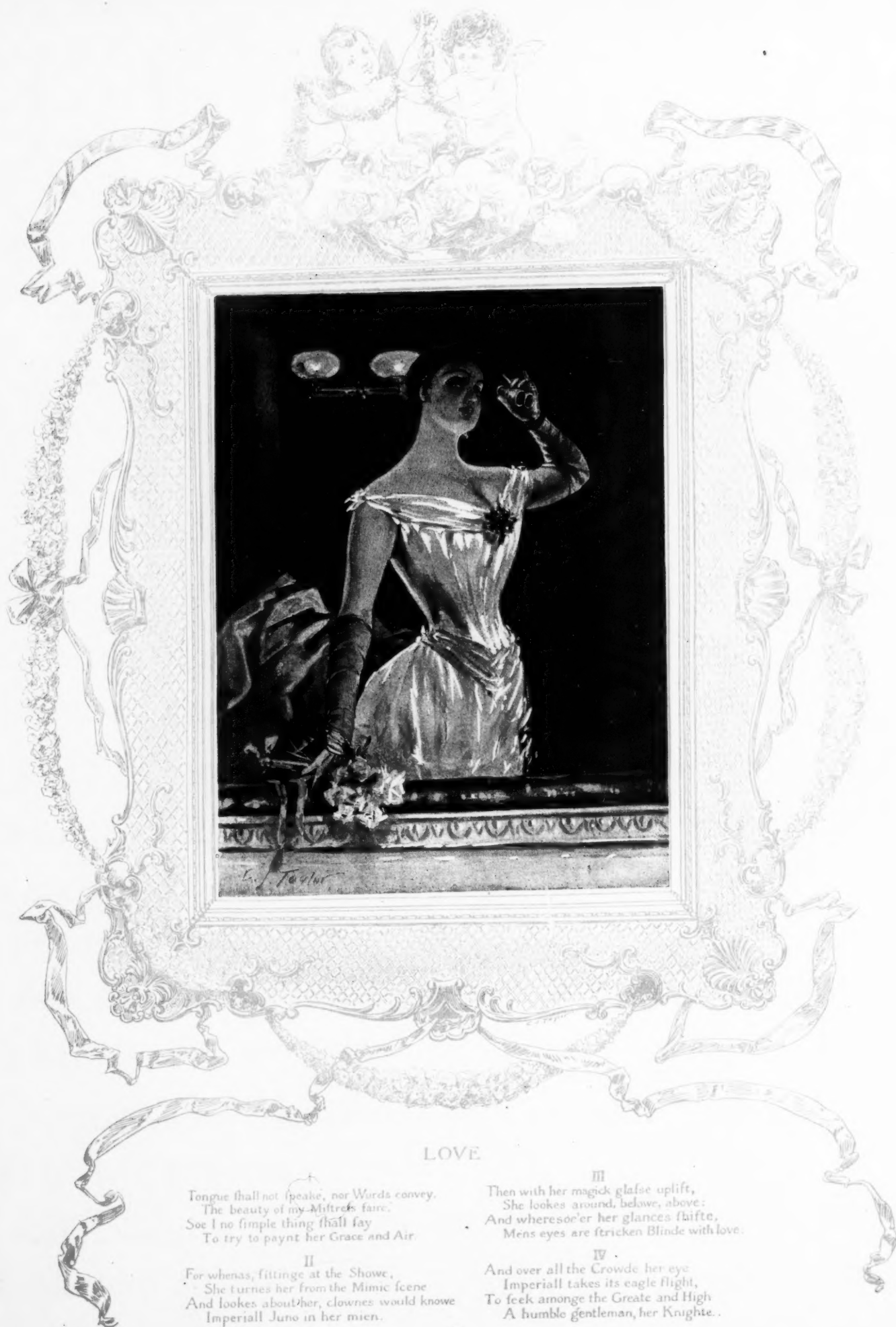
PEARS' SOAP has to do with the wrinkles of age—we are forming them now. If life is a pleasure, the wrinkles will take a cheerful turn when they come ; if a burden, a sad one. The soap that frees us from humors and pimples brings a life of happiness. Wrinkles will come ; let us give them the cheerful turn.

Virtue and wisdom and beauty are only the habit of happiness.

Civilization by soap, pure soap, PEARS' SOAP, that has no alkali in it—nothing but soap—is more than skin-deep.



CHRISTMASSES come,
 Christmas go —
 Same old ice and sleet and
 Snow;
 Same old weather,
 Same old cold,
 Same old grumbling
 Just as of old —
 Never anything fresh and new
 Except in
 PUCK'S CHRISTMAS-BOX
 Opened for You.





ENVY REBUKED.

"Any one can see with half an eye," remarked the Potato to the Plum Pudding, "that you have got an awfully swelled head."
"Oh, rot!" rejoined the Autocrat of the Christmas Table; "you're the unfortunate fellow who's always getting Famines up; but I bring only joy to mankind."

A LITTLE CASUIST.

PAPA (*to DOROTHY, *et al.* 7*)—Come, Pet, it's time to go upstairs. It's eight o'clock!

DOROTHY.—Well, Papa; it won't be any earlier up there.

VERY NERVOUS.

"Maud is a timid girl," said George.

"Yes," said Estelle. "She'd even jump at a proposal."

HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Higgins, how do you spell received?

JUNIOR CLERK.—R-e-c-e-i-v-e-d.

SENIOR PARTNER.—Just the way I wrote it. (*Then there came the sound of a knife scratching on paper from the SENIOR PARTNER'S desk.*)

ANOTHER GARMENT HUNG.

"Did you hang up your sock last night?"

"No. I hung up my overcoat yesterday to get the money for a present for my best girl."

A DULL MARKET.

MRS. STONE (*before the milliner's window*).—Oh, look, dear, what a love of a bonnet!

KIRBY STONE (*pulling her away*).—But in your case, dear, it is going to be a case of unrequited affection.

UNDERPAID.

"I think a dime is enough," said Cadley to the waiter who was dissatisfied with his tip.

"For ze waiting, yes," said the garçon. "For ze correction of Monsieur's French, by no means."

STICKING TO THE RULES.

CUSTOMER (*to DRYGOODS CLERK*).—You have called me a liar; you must take that back.

CLERK.—We never take anything back. But I can change it for you; how would you like to be called a thief?

PARDONABLE EXCITEMENT.

"Well, congratulate me, old fellow. I am a father!"

"Good! Boy or girl?"

"By Jove! So excited I forgot to ask."



TIRED.

MRS. SIDON.—I've been shopping all day. I am just ready to die, I am so tired.

MR. SIDON.—So am I.

MRS. SIDON.—Goodness! what should make you tired?

MR. SIDON.—The bills that came to the office.

THE ASIA-MINOR DERBY.

BAGDAD SWEEPSTAKES. "OPEN TO ALL COMERS."



I.
"They 're off."



II.
"Razorback humps to the front."



III.
"Old Borneo fouled by Razorback."



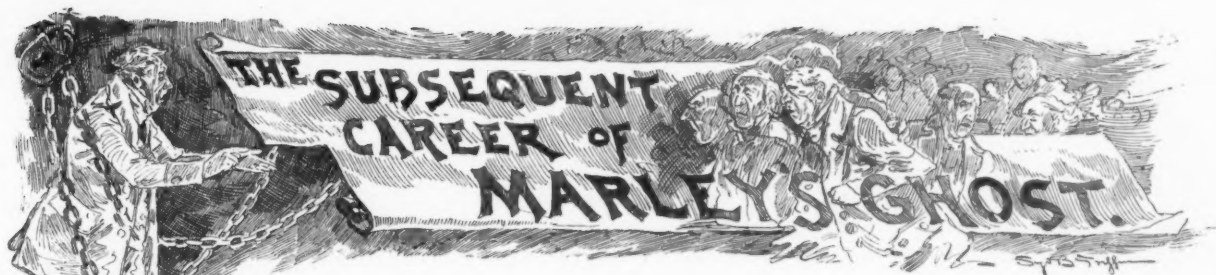
IV.
"Old Borneo gets vicious."



V.
"They both come a cropper in the stretch."



VI.
"It becomes a steeple-chase, and the Dark Horse takes the money."



OR SO IMPORTANT a character, Marley's Ghost was dropped out of history in a most uncere-
monious, not to say unsatisfactory, manner.
You remember, doubtless, how it was? After
his introduction and the relation of his brief
conversation with his former partner, nothing
of consequence is said about him. He simply
disappears. Indeed, it is half hinted that he
never existed; that he was nothing more than an
undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb
of cheese, or a fragment of underdone potato!

But a respectable ghost of my acquaintance who
knew Marley well, both in the flesh and since, recently
told me the facts of his later history, which I take for
granted will be of interest to every reader of Dickens.

Naturally, Marley felt much elated over his success with Scrooge. It
was his first attempt at reforming a living man, and his satisfaction was
enhanced by the discovery that his chain of padlocks, cash-boxes, etc., had
diminished by several links. So the old gentleman began to think it was
a pretty good business, this scaring people into benevolence, and he wanted
to do it again. But he could n't wait until Christmas; once a year was
altogether too seldom for such deeds. Besides, he remembered several
other old acquaintances quite as much in need of a visit as Scrooge had
been, and they might all die before the year was out. There was New
Year's Day coming in a week. Why, thought Marley, would n't that do
as well as Christmas? And, then, there was Valentine's Day, and April
Fool's Day, and the Queen's Birthday —

In short, before the sun set on that Christmas Day of Scrooge's con-
version, the enthusiastic Marley had hunted out all the holidays in the
calendar, and chosen a subject for each one.

Well, the next few days Marley did n't talk of
anything but Scrooge and the change that had been
made in him, and of how it was all owing to the
thoughtfulness of his old partner.

But somehow the other ghosts did n't take
as much interest in the matter as they obvi-
ously should have done. They seemed to
tire of the subject after the first three or
four days. Indeed, one crusty old spook
went so far as to say in Marley's hearing
that Scrooge was a good deal less of
a nuisance before he was reformed
than since. And, on account of
this lack of feeling, Marley had
some trouble persuading any of his
associates to help him in his second
attempt. However, he at length
interested two good-natured shades,
who consented to personate New
Year's Past and New Year's Pres-
ent; but New Year's Future, in
every case, had "another engage-
ment," and could n't be induced to
go into the enterprise. Marley
thought two would answer, though,
and so, as soon as New Year's Eve
came around, off they posted to
the selected victim.

The affair was conducted in
much the same way as the preced-
ing one. Marley went in first, talked
in sepulchral tones, with a howl now
and then, or a clank of his chain by way
of variety, and, altogether, reduced the
poor man to a very satisfactory state of ter-
ror. Then the other spirits entered in turn
and completed the work, and the three withdrew
and awaited the result.

But this was n't, as one might say, "a howling
success." It seemed incomplete. The man was only
depressed, not converted. He was left in a moody,
lachrymose state, rather worse than his former con-
dition.

But Marley was n't discouraged. Not in the least! What was one
failure, or, for that matter, a dozen? And this was only a partial failure,
anyhow. So he tried it again, with other subjects, and kept on trying as
often as he could secure assistance, though, speaking generally, it must be
said that his philanthropic efforts met with but indifferent success.

Finally, all the other ghosts grew so sick of the whole matter that
there was n't one of them would turn a hand to help him. They began to
shun him, too, for he made such a bore of himself with his continual talk-
ing about the Scrooge affair, and reclaiming misers and all the rest of it,
that they really could n't endure him. There was n't a subject that could
be started but would lead in some way up to Scrooge.

One of them undertook to remonstrate with him one day: "Now,
look here, Marley, old fellow, he began, "why don't you let up on this
everlasting reform racket? You're getting to be a regular crank. Philan-
thropy is all well enough as a diversion, but, my dear boy, respectable
people don't make a business of it!"

"When Scrooge —" began Marley — but the other was gone.

About this time Marley undertook, single-handed and alone, the
reformation of a man whom he had long had in view, the president of a
society for the suppression of cruelty to cigarette smokers. To this victim
Marley appeared in the usual manner, unfastened the bandage confining
his ghastly jaws, and began his little speech.

At first he was much encouraged by the man's evident alarm; but
when this increased to the wildest terror and the victim went into convul-
sions, he began to feel exceedingly uneasy. Imagine his horror when the
unfortunate gentleman actually expired in one of these paroxysms!

Marley was appalled, and all the more so when the grave conse-
quences to himself of what he had done occurred to him. He had scared
a man to death! In the eyes of society and the law he was a murderer!



ENCOURAGING.

MISS LOVINA COTTEDGE. — Oh, Mr. Squeer, I am so much pleased with your
beautiful Christmas gift!

MADISON SQUEER. — I am very glad you liked it. (*Thinking of his rival.*) Er-r-r,
did you get anything from Shippen Clarke?

MISS COTTEDGE. — No; I told him that he had better save the money.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.



EYES AND NO EYES.

MISS NEERSITE.—Who is that crossing the street? I can not recognize any one at that distance.

CHARLIE VOIX.—Why, that is your aunt Rosalind, but I wonder who that girl is behind her, with the seal cape on?

MISS NEERSITE.—Seal? Oh, that is not seal! It is sealette.

And, as such, amenable to arrest, trial, conviction, all the disgrace of a felon's death on the scaffold! It was horrible! He already felt, in imagination, the relentless hand of an officer on his shoulder. He must fly, and at once! He must not be found there with the body, or there would be indeed no escape. Trembling in every limb he left the room, not with his former ghostly and impressive glide, but stealthily, guiltily and with every sense alert for the approach of a policeman. Nor did he breathe freely till he was safe in his own grave.

Safe, but far from happy! From that hour his existence was one long nightmare of remorse and apprehension. He feared to walk abroad lest he should be discovered by some detective or officer of the police; and the dread of seeing the ghost of the murdered man haunted him constantly even in his own snug and comfortable coffin, where until now he had never known aught but peace.

Abandoning his accustomed haunts, he came out less and less, and when he did, he would skulk through alleys and byways, scanning every "dodger" and "poster" to see if perchance it contained the disclosure of his crime, and he would tremblingly peruse every paper he could get hold of to learn whether suspicion had yet fallen upon him.

How "wearing" such an existence must have been may easily be imagined. Never a robust ghost, he was now reduced to the merest shadow. His sufferings were intolerable and indescribable, and gladly would he have put an end to them by committing suicide had he been able to hear of or invent any possible means for accomplishing that end. But that last refuge of despairing mortals was no longer within his reach; he had got beyond it. Poison, drowning, throwing himself from a great elevation—all these would be unavailing to a ghost. There was no way of liberation!

Of course such a change could not and did not escape observation among Marley's late associates. His strange behavior became the talk in spirit circles, and the belief grew that the unfortunate shade was losing his mind. A *de inquirendo-lunatic* was suggested. He was brought before a jury of his peers, whose verdict confirmed the current belief, and he was consigned to an asylum for feeble-minded ghosts, where he yet remains, a miserable and hopeless wreck.

Gertrude Henderson.



A ROMANCE OF TWO MAIDS.

Each was loved by a lover poor,
And each by a lover rich,
One cleaved to the cashless swain,
And one to the rich did hitch.
Then at each of the youthful wives
The critical world did tilt,
And one was bedubbed a fool,
The other a venal jilt.

SANDS'S OX WAS GORED.

PERKINS.—I wonder who this mysterious house-breaker can be who baffles the detectives so completely?

SANDS (*the grocer*).—'T would n't surprise me one bit if he turned out to be Hooks, who—

PERKINS.—Hooks? Why, man! he is above reproach.

SANDS.—Yah! So I used to think till I found out that he keeps a pair of scales at home and re-weighs all his groceries. Perkins, a man who will do that will steal!

WOULD DO HIS SHARE.

OLD MR. DADKINS.—You've been calling on my daughter for six months without saying a word to me; now I want to know your intentions.

YOUNG MR. RISING.—That's all right; I'm willing to do the square thing, if you are. What are *your* intentions?



NO NOISE TO HIM.

"What became of that boy you were sure would make a noise in the world?"

"Oh, he turned out to be a sissier!"

SHE.—Now, that you are graduated, Dick, what are you going to be?

HE.—Be? Why, just think what I am!

THERE WOULD not be so much room at the top if an elevator ran up there.

A PLEASURE PARTY that has n't at least one liar in it never gets the credit of having had a good time.

EVE ATE the apple, we are told;
Her trespass we deplore;
For she enjoyed the mellow fruit,
Her offspring get the core.



THEIR CHRISTMAS.

"Boys," said the proprietor of the restaurant to the waiters; "I have decided to do the square thing."

There was a subdued murmur of applause.

"Yes," he continued, taking a roll of bills out of his pocket, and handing it to the leader; "take this money, and go out and buy yourselves a Christmas dinner!" And great tears of gratitude slowly streamed down the faces of the hardened wretches as they vanished away.



Bromley versus Gilner



CHAOS REIGNED in the office of Bromley & Bromley. Benson, their stenographer, had installed it by resigning. He had been a valuable man, familiar with and considerate of the various prejudices of both father and son, composing that illustrious firm. The numerous applicants for the position had exhibited such gross unfitness therefor that Judge Bromley had speedily attained an advanced stage of irascibility. Therefore, when Minks, the office boy, announced that there was a lady to see about the place, the Judge violently exhaled his breath with a sententious nasal crescendo, expressing unbounded contempt for the clerical inadequacy of women, and ordered her shown in, with the intention of quelling her

aspirations with much judicial severity and expedition. The last of her sex, who, with a confident assumption of omniscience, had assailed the vacancy, was a petite affair, with fretful yellow bangs demanding constant soothing, abnormally expansive blue eyes and extensive mental requirements. After a trial of two hours, during which she perpetrated various orthographical



misdemeanors, evinced the widest-eyed surprise at being assured by Bromley, Jr., that "subrogation," which she had written with blushing hesitation, was a perfectly polite word, and that "*et al.*" was not the name of an individual, she had patronizingly departed.

The latest applicant entered and announced herself as Mrs. Gilner. She differed externally from her predecessor, being a brunette who had seemingly attained her twenty-fifth year.

After a hasty mental inventory of her quiet, becoming attire and graceful bearing, her refined, interesting face, with its dark, earnest eyes and strong, yet sensitive mouth, Bromley, Sr., decided that she was something unique in the line desired; but this did not preclude incompetency, and memories of the inefficient blonde tinged his views with black pessimism. He addressed her in his most impressive voice, rarely evoked except by a jury of his peers:

"Has your training been sufficiently thorough, Madam, to enable you to perform with accuracy and celerity the work which a varied practice such as ours renders necessary?"

Apparently she was not a bit disconcerted by this ponderous and resonant challenge.

"I think I can do your work, sir," she said quietly. "I have a fair idea of what my duties will be."

Her eyes had not evaded his, and she seemed to maintain a steady willingness to discuss the matter from his standpoint.

The Judge's prejudicial fortress was valiantly stormed; but recent adversity had strengthened its ramparts. He did not waver, and delivered the final blow that was to crush:

"Do you object to profanity?"

"Not at all," she replied, cheerfully; "I know so well how wearing a lawyer's duties are; and it must be such a relief to give vent to a burst of profanity, now and then."

Her novel appreciation of the irksome nature of his duties, and of the benefit to be derived from an indulgence universally condemned by her sex, startled the Judge into wondering contemplation. Her eyes met his steadily, and they were so clear, so womanly and sympathetic, that he experienced a feeling of discomfort.

"Er—well, you know, I don't do much of that sort of thing, and—uh, my son's a member of the firm." A provoking irritation of the larynx here obliged the Judge to cough with a violence of exertion that seemed to tamper with his memory, for he did not revert to his weakness. He said: "We shall be very glad to give you a trial; if your work is satisfactory we can arrange the terms, I think. When did you wish to begin?"

In defiance of a universal precedent, the latest applicant did not here



state that she was awfully out of practice, and that many days must elapse ere she could woo back her wonted proficiency. "I am ready now," she said; and divesting herself of hat and jacket, she seemed to the Judge already an appurtenance of the office.

He dictated the wording of several legal instruments, and in the midst of a brief drifted out upon a sea of verbiage, where the appellant's claims were sunken rocks that constantly menaced him with shipwreck; but he avoided them, for he was not distracted by requests to repeat, nor by the fear, with which some of the ineffectuals had inspired him, that he was not keeping pace with his amanuensis.

The new stenographer speedily transcribed her notes with a gracefully feminine dexterity, and with accuracy highly gratifying to both members of the firm. Bromley, Jr., (Columbia '86) not only approved his father's selection for reason of her intelligent ability, but he also dilated at length upon the selection's personal appearance, scrutinizing his father intently meanwhile.

Affairs in the office progressed smoothly from the first day of Mrs. Gilner's incumbency. In many ways she proved herself a remarkable woman.

She spelled correctly, and actually deferred to the best authorities in punctuating. She readily divined the attitudes of plaintiff and defendant, comprehended that a wide difference existed between a Justice of the Supreme Court and a Justice of the Peace, and did not intermittently peruse popular fiction during office hours. Above all, the refining influence of her presence was unmistakable. Despite her avowal of a toleration of profanity as a recreation, the Judge maintained an unswerving adherence to the third commandment, which is rendered extremely fragile by the vicissitudes of the law, though under Benson's administration he had been occasionally provoked to unconventional utterances by the monumental obtuseness of the Bench, or the unexpected perversity of a jury. Once he precipitately silenced a wrathful litigant, and remunerative client as well, in the midst of a scathing denunciation of the methods of opposing counsel, by reminding him curtly that there was a lady present. The Judge was as surprised as his client at noting the harsh insistence of his voice and certain agitating choleric premonitions.



When three months had elapsed, father and son greeted each other with self-conscious, averted looks. Each regarded the other furtively, and neither mentioned the stenographer without an access of dignity, or a nervous shifting of the eyes which the other covertly noted. While either engaged her in conversation, the other exhibited an ominous though serene disregard of their juxtaposition.

Bromley, Sr., was a widower, fifty years of age. His handsome, well-set head was generously embellished with hair of a dignified mixed gray; his blue eyes shone keen but kindly, and the wrinkles his countenance bore denoted character rather than years. His moustache was usually closely cropped. One day when December still lacked a week of being twenty-five days old, Bromley, Jr. discovered that his father's moustache had not suffered any recent curtailment, and was assuming a jaunty upward tendency at either end. He wondered at this and at his frequent profound abstraction. He had studiously noted Mrs. Gilner's manner toward his father, and detected in it nothing to alarm him. "She does n't care for him, any how," was his hopeful comment; and in the ornate aerial structure of which he was the architect, his father's sole claim to recognition was the paternal love he bore the wife of Bromley, Jr.

He decided that on Christmas he would call upon Mrs. Gilner and settle matters. He felt convinced she was necessary to his happiness, and he possessed that buoyant confidence which youth blindly weaves with sincerity of purpose.

On the same day Bromley, Sr. sat alone in his inner office, and mused long, an unopened volume of "Browne on the Domestic Relations" being the only visible sign of his pre-occupation. He was a methodical man and

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

reviewed the situation logically. He loved Mrs. Gilner, and he decided that on Christmas he would ask her hand in marriage. He had never called upon her, indeed had never spoken to her of family matters. It was understood by both father and son that she was a widow. Each had decided, with unerring masculine intuition, that her married life had been unhappy, and her husband a brute. Their brief social talks had touched only upon abstract matters. He had refrained from broaching personal topics, from a chivalrous regard of their relations as master and servant, and a dread of seeming to patronize her. He wanted to see her away from the everlasting influx of legal documents, and then he would tell her how dear she had become to him, how much greater a space she could fill in his life if she only would, and how carefully he would guard her happiness. He was not confident, but hopeful. After enumerating his points, he decided that he had a good case. He had been somewhat perturbed by his son's evident fondness for Mrs. Gilner; but after watching the two keenly, and observing her frank, unconscious manner toward him, he felt this a contingency which could be safely disregarded. "Merely platonic; he'll come to look upon her almost as a mother," he thought.

He turned to "December 25th" in a small memorandum book in which he docketed his most important cases, and made entry: "Bromley vs. Gilner."

As only a small portion of the day is utilized, there is no excuse for picturing here the traditional frosty brilliancy of Christmas morning, with its bracing, wintry air, laden with incentive to good deeds, even though such elements were not lacking. It is permissible to observe nothing until near three P. M., when Bromley, Sr., after a tempestuous voyage in a vehicle erroneously supposed to subserve that maltreated fiction, the Public's convenience, walked briskly along a remote avenue, flanked on either side by a row of cottages, stunted in size but overpowering in architectural elaboration.

As the numbers grew, his heart, an organ whose action had for years been marked by the utmost conservatism and regularity, became violent and erratic in its pulsation. He stepped lightly up to the door of one of the cottages, differing from the others only in the number, and rang the bell. He caught a glimpse of her face through the window, and waited ten minutes (in heart beats; just one, standard time,) before he was admitted.

She received him with charming hospitality, and ushered him into a tastefully furnished little parlor with which she harmonized well. She was clad in a loose-fitting house dress, less sedate in coloring and texture than her street attire, and he wondered that she had never appeared at the office in such a becoming costume. Her manner was marked by a radiant consciousness of power new to him. It occurred to him for the first time that a woman is seen to best advantage in her home; that she shines brightest, not as an exotic, but in her own kingdom, where she holds undisputed sway. A brief indulgence in the seasonable amenities prefaced a delightful chat, wherein the Judge became youthful in his wholesome exuberance. Already she seemed to give him power to win her. The moment was propitious, and he did not shrink though he felt the room grow unaccountably warm. In answer to her inquiry as to how he had passed the day, he was about succinctly to impart the desired information, and to conclude with an appealing outline of the conditions under which he wished to pass the remainder of his days, when a step grated on his ears, and the bell was rung.

She stepped into the small entry and admitted Bromley, Jr., glowing with his walk and a definite purpose. Father and son greeted each other, the latter somewhat stiffly, the former heartily and with no symptom of surprise, though his inner consciousness at this juncture shall remain sacred.

The triunity disposed itself in the little parlor, and Bromley, Jr., while indulging in some very unfilial reflections, extemporized a labored explanation of how he had "called upon some friends in the next block," etc. etc. This effort was received with smiling cordiality by his hostess, with bland incredulity by his father, and then all three conversed with animation, pleasantly stimulated by the day, and by the fact that they were together in a novel atmosphere. Suddenly they noticed a tender light beaming

from the dark eyes of Mrs. Gilner, revealing undreamed of vistas, and culminating with:

"I want you so much to meet my husband; he is an invalid, you know, and rarely gets a taste of the outside world; and it will be such a treat for him."

"Delighted," said Bromley, Sr. "In fact, my call was partly about your husband—uh—to see if something could n't be done for him, you know;" and his ingenuous face glowed with disinterested benevolence. Bromley, Sr. had practiced law for twenty-six years.

Bromley, Jr. was in a painful state. He seemed undecided whether to demand an explanation, or rashly to avow a disbelief in the existence of this husband. Also, for some occult reason, he appeared to detect and resent a latent ambiguity in his father's elucidation of his motive in calling. Bromley, Jr. had only graced the profession two years.

Mrs. Gilner excused herself and fluttered out. She appeared again in a moment, by drawing aside two folding doors; and there he was, half

reclining on a low couch, a big fellow, with a pale, smooth, almost boyish face, with fretful lines about the eyes that constantly appealed to her. He greeted the Bromleys with the sad, comprehensive smile of invalids. His wife nestled by him on the couch, with an air of proud ownership, and he held one of her hands close in his while he talked; her other hand softly caressed the luxuriant brown hair that massed itself about his high, white forehead.

When Bromley, Sr. saw the look of patient, self-sacrificing love in the wife's eyes, and noted the invalid's gentle trust in her, he read their history, and with it imbibed from some recondite source, a prodigious draft of that wonderful Christmas spirit that lightens, if it does not drown, heartaches, and incites the drinker to dreams of peace and deeds of good will.

He said to the invalid: "Should like to have you down at my place on the

Sound, next Summer, Mr. Gilner; your wife, too, as often as we can spare her from the office; you may find it a bit lonesome there, but the air'll do you good, and you'll help us get through the vacation."

And Mrs. Gilner's husband felt that the Bromleys had only his welfare in view when they called that day.

History is prone to iteration. William the Conqueror, on disembarking in England, slipped and fell, which his followers construed as a bad omen. But the king swore roundly, a circular style of oath appearing to have been much in vogue in those days, that it was a good omen, since the land desired him. Edward III, invading Normandy, suffered a like mishap, and possessed the ready wit to profit thereby; and that classical desperado, Julius Caesar, on landing in Africa, similarly contributed to his biographer's fund of characteristic incident. Bromley, Sr. had turned even a more disastrous fall to his own glorification.

The Bromleys made their way back to the city; father in dazed abstraction, son apparently in the best of spirits.

Bromley, Jr., thankful that his design had not been revealed, said, with a retrospective air of having constantly reviewed the case for many weeks:

"Too bad, poor fellow; been confined to his bed a long time."

"And Bromley, Sr. said: 'Yes; she's a noble woman, bless her!'"

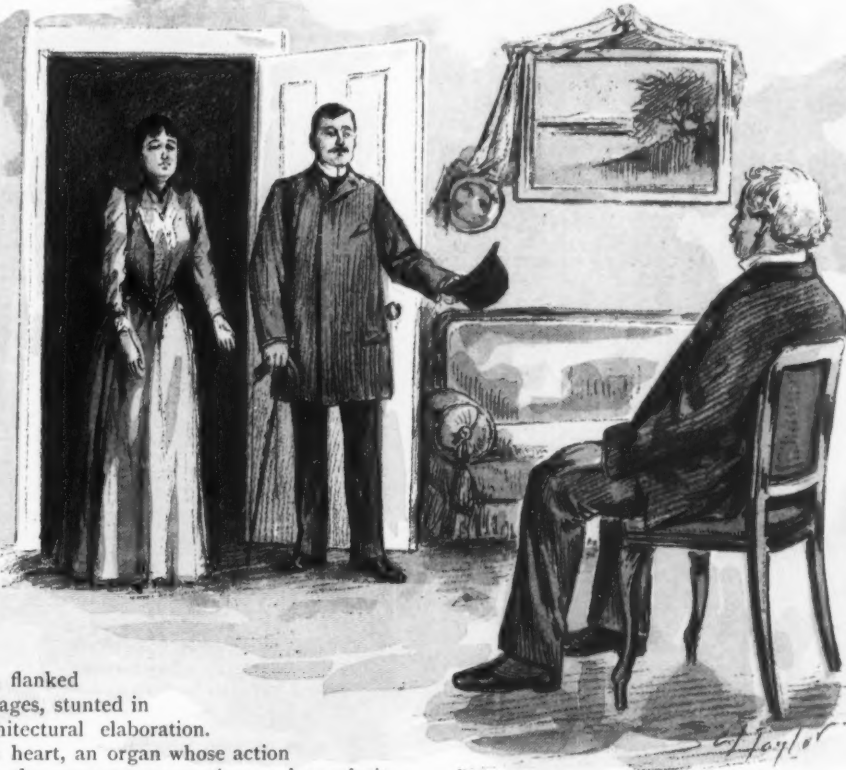
And the entry in the memorandum book heretofore referred to, now appears:

December 25th.

Bromley vs. Gilner.

Nonsuited—Plaintiff's cost.

H. L. Wilson.



THE BAGMAN AND THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.



I.
The Bagman is shown to his room in the inn, but is not informed that it is the Haunted Chamber.



II.
He settles himself for a night's rest.



III.
He is awakened by a Mysterious Noise.



IV.
He is aware of a Supernatural Visitor in the room.



V.
The Apparition approaches.



VI.
But the Bagman's business instincts come to his rescue, and the Ghostly Intruder flees.



HERE IS some solid food for thought,
I heard it at a recent ball —
'T is better to be kissed and caught,
Than never to be kissed at all.

WE FANCY a chicken's legs are called drum-
sticks, Freddy, because the small boy
thinks they beat all the rest.

CHANGING AROUND.

"Caroline, last year you gave me a box of
cigars for a Christmas present."

"Yes, George."

"This year suppose you let me give you a box
of cigars."

"Very well; and I'll get you a seal-skin
sack."

I MOCKED AT love with foolish mirth,
And made of Cupid but a jest;
At last he took revenge, and all
His darts are quivered in my breast.

TO THE man who has a horror of alliteration,
the City Directory must be a tedious book,
indeed.

A X-MAS MAIL

(Jack to His Mother.)



I CAN NOT SEE why Santa Claus,
When I am fast asleep,
My stocking only fills with things
So common and so cheap!

He ne'er brings me expensive toys
He never brings a sleigh,
A rifle or velocipede
Or soldiers blue and gray.

He leaves no trains of cars at all,
And I just think it's mean,
He fills my stockings to the brim
With apples red and green.

Now, there is Mr. McAdoo —
He's rich, all people know,
And Santa Claus brings lovely things
Each Christmas Eve for Joe.

Now, if our fathers were so rich
They did n't know what to do,
Would Santa Claus bring to us boys
Such costly presents, too?

R. K. M.

He brings him hobby-horses, skates,
And boats that go by steam,
And hollow, spotted pasteboard cows
All full of chocolate cream.

And then upon his Christmas tree
He hangs red candy dogs,
Gold cornucopias, rubber cats,
And wind-up jumping frogs.

And I know other rich men's sons
With whom it's just the same;
The high-priced presents left for them
Are more than I can name.

Another poor man's son like me
Is little Jimmy Pott,
And fifty cents would pay for all
The Christmas that he got.



THE IRONY OF BUSINESS.



IT WAS A PRETTY ROOM, although it called itself a library. The windows opened to the South, looking on a dainty little flower-garden, with box-bordered beds — boxes where sweets compacted lay, for it was full July, and everything was blossoming its very best except the *Brownsonia Grandiflora Magnificentia*, which ought to have been of "full, bushy habit, growing frequently to a height of four feet eight inches, and producing, during the entire season, in unparalleled profusion, enormous racemes of large purple flowers, brilliantly variegated with crimson and white, sometimes exceeding a bushel-basket in size" — if it had only come up according to the florist's catalogue; which further described this "special novelty" as "one of the most glorious bloomers ever seen, certain to flower the first year, and as easy of culture as the common nasturtium." The *Brownsonia G. M.*

was, however, in that particular garden, and at that particular time, only about three-eighths of an inch high, and it strongly resembled chickweed.

But the room was pretty, and it would have been very comfortable indeed if a little more breeze had come in through the open windows. The young man with the fine head of hair who sat at one end of the long table looked as though he would like to take his coat off. The youngish man with the comparatively bald head, who sat at the other end of the table, wore a skeleton alpaca coat, yet he seemed to be even less at his ease than the man with the hair. He was talking, and the man with the hair was taking his words down in shorthand.

"The wind," said the comparatively bald man, "was whistling drearily through the deserted streets. From time to time it shook a fine cloud of snow-powder — no — hold on there! — a fine — a cloud of fine powdery snow — got that? — from some projecting cornice —"

Here a pretty face appeared outside the window, and looked into the pretty room.

"John dear," said the pretty mouth that belonged to the pretty face, "I want you just to look out here one minute and see how my poppies look, now that I've got all the weeds out of the bed. Don't you think they're going to get along all right now? Or have n't you got the time?"

"Why, certainly," said the comparatively bald man, rising; "only it's the nineteenth, you know, and Callup said the eighteenth, and —"

"Just a minute, John. There, look there! Patrick and I have been nearly half an hour over that one bed. Don't you think those poppies look splendidly, considering?"

"Why, yes, my dear," replied the baldish man, abstractedly; "only — are n't the leaves rather — er — crinkly and — well, chewed-up-looking, don't you know?"

"Why, no, you absurd boy," said his wife. "That's the way poppy-leaves ought to look. Go back to your writing."

The baldish man went back.

"Where did I leave off?" he inquired.

"'Corners,'" said the young man with the fine head of hair.

"'Corners?'" repeated the baldish man, irritably. "What corners? Who corners? Try it again!"



"'From some projecting corners,'" the young man read aloud.

"'Corners!' Great Caesar! Cornice — c-o-r-n-i-c-e!" said the other man, frowning.

"Oh, beg pardon," said the young man. "I did n't understand you. Ain't that generally pronounced *cornish*?"

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

"No, it ain't," said the baldish man, shortly. "The wind — oh, no — hold on — ah! A chillier, more depressing, more marrow-freezing day never ushered in the last scene of an eventful story. A young man, who, in spite of the cold —"

"John," said the pretty face, looking in at the window, "*what do you think?*"

John looked up in a dazed way.

"I don't know, my dear," he said.

"*There are three figs on the fig-tree!*"

"Indeed?" the baldish John inquired, rather vaguely.

"What *do* you think of *that*?" demanded the pretty face.

"Er — er —" said John, "where should they have been, dear?"

"John, don't try to be funny."

"But I am trying to be funny, my dear. And you know I'm a day behind time, and Callup never can understand why an author should be behind time."

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon, dear!" cried the pretty face, contritely, and it vanished from the window.

"A young man, who, in spite of the cold," John began again; "got that? In spite of the cold, kept her —"

"Beg pardon," interrupted the stenographer. "Thought you said a young *man* —"

"So I did," emphatically returned the baldish man; "go on and take this down, will you? In spite of the cold kept her —"

"But —" began the other man.

"Damn it!" said John, thumping the table, "*kept her* —"

The face that looked in at the window this time was not pretty. It was red, honest, Irish, and damp with the transudation of cheerful toil.

"The missus sey, sorr," announced the voice, "if ye ain't too busy, wud ye luk what the dog done to the nasturchuns?"

The baldish man rushed madly to the window and thrust his head out, while the feet underneath the red face staggered back into a garden bed.

"My dear," shouted the baldish man, desperately, to the owner of the pretty face, which was bending, with a grieved look on it, over a matted tangle of nasturtiums, "how *am* I going to finish this devilish thing in any sort of time!"

"Oh, I'm *so* sorry, dear," said the pretty mouth; "*do go right back to your work!*"

"Well, I —" said the baldish man, feebly; and then he drew in his head, and went back to the table.

"Spite of the cold, kept her —" said he, through his teeth.

"His, don't you mean, Mr. Litt?" inquired the younger man, in a pertinacious way.

"No, *I don't!*" thundered the baldish man. "Kept her heart beating warmly in Bessy's tender bosom — what in heaven's name is it now!"

The pretty face looked in through the window again.

"It's only a letter, dear, just come from the mail. I saw it was from the paper, and so I thought you'd like to see it."

The baldish man snatched the missive, opened it and ran it through with a glance. Then he clapped his hand to his brow.

"Holy smoke!" he ejaculated, in utter desperation.

"What is it, dear?" inquired the pretty mouth.

The baldish man handed over the letter, and the pretty mouth read it aloud.

July 18th, 1891.

"My dear Mr. Litt:

As I notified you, the large edition we are printing of the X-MAS PUCK for 1892 obliges us to close our forms to-day. As we would not, however, wholly lose a contribution from your valued pen, we will use the story you are

now finishing in the MIDSUMMER PUCK for 1894, if you will make the necessary

changes to give it a seasonable, Summery character.

Yours very truly,

PUCK.

per H. SUFFREN CALLUP."

"Holy smoke!" said Mr. Litt.

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Litt.

"Will you want me any more to-day?" inquired the stenographer.

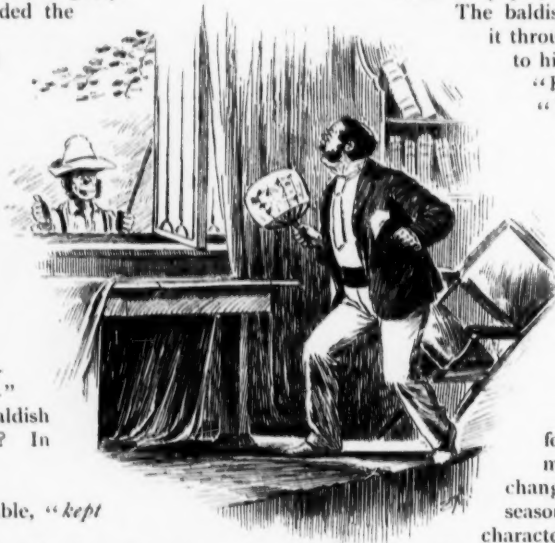
"No," said Mr. Litt.

"Can you do it, dear?" asked Mrs. Litt.

"No," said Mr. Litt.

"Will I kill the dog?" inquired the gardener.

"Yes," said Mr. Litt, passing his hand over his brow like a man who comes to himself. "Kill the dog. Kill something."



THE DI CHESTNUTTA FRIEZE.

THE HISTORY OF ITS DISCOVERY AND RESTORATION, AS RELATED IN THE CORRESPONDENCE OF MAJOR DI CHESTNUTTA,

THE CELEBRATED ARCHÆOLOGIST, WITH THE HETEROGENEOUS MUSEUM OF ART.



I.

KUPROS, Nov. 16.

To the Trustees of the, etc.—Gentlemen:

In accordance with your instructions, I have commenced excavating the long-buried city of Gothammos, and it gives me great pleasure to forward to you a small fragment of a *bas relief*, evidently of the 12th century B. C., as you will perceive at a cursory glance. This fragment I take to represent a Greek Hero enthroned upon his triumphal car, extending his benediction to the acclaiming masses. This is the first fruit of your gracious liberality, thanks to which I am able to pursue my scientific labors.

Yours in haste,
DI CHESTNUTTA.



II.

KUPROS, Nov. 18.

A second fragment has just come to light — evidently a portion of the same frieze. This represents the prostration, in token of submission, of a vanquished King. His hands, it will be observed, are cut off. This was a barbarous custom of the time. The inscription on the tablet over his head appears to be obliterated.

DI C.

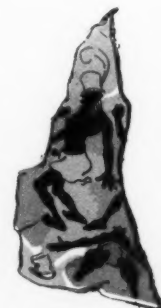


III.

KUPROS, Nov. 25.

I forward fragment No. III., of the great frieze. It clearly represents a battle of great size and importance. The rush of the two armies against each other, and the deep-seated hostility on every face are strikingly indicated. Altar in distance, with officiating priest.

DI C.



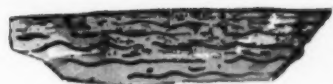
IV.

KUPROS, Nov. 26.

Fragment No. IV., herewith. Evidently a warrior from the hills, his snowy crest suggesting the white-capped mountains.

DI C.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.



V.



VI.

I send you two more fragments: No. V., cursive inscription, too much worn to be legible; No. VI., procession of mutilated captives—undoubtedly prisoners whose feet had been cut off as a penalty for attempting to escape.
DI C.



VII.



VIII.

Fragments No. VII. and VIII., herewith despatched, represent respectively: the overthrow of a warrior under a shower of arrows; and a slave pouring a libation of oil on the altar of a deity—name almost effaced.
DI C.



IX.

A great find! Fragment No. IX.—Ascent of the high priests to the altar—offering of written vow
DI C.



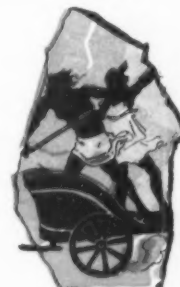
X.

Dead warrior borne on a litter. Fragment No. X. Ever-burning flame in distance.
DI C.



XI.

No. XI. is a most interesting fragment. It represents a holocaust of children, doubtless sacrificed to celebrate some important festival. No. XII. is clearly a part of a chariot race.
DI C.

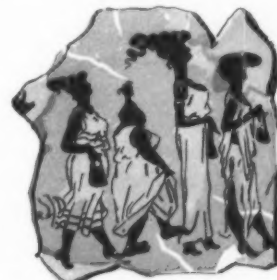


XII.



XIII.

KUPROS, Dec. 4. (A. M.).
Fragment No. XIII. is beyond question a representation of Zeus. The majesty in the gaze of his magnificent and awful eye will be at once observed.
DI C.



XIV.

KUPROS, Dec. 4. (P. M.).
Fragment No. XIV. represents a chorus of vestal virgins proceeding to the temple.
DI C.

Reply to Foregoing.

Dec. 17.

Major di Chestnutta,
Kupros, Kupros Co., Greece.

Dear Sir:

Any further archaeological researches you may care to make will be prosecuted at your own risk and expense. We enclose photograph of Frieze as put together by a local archaeologist named Jones, with translations of inscriptions on back, doubtless unnoticed by you.

Yours very truly,

TRUSTEES HETEROGENEOUS MUSEUM OF ART.



II.—I.
"The Morning Shine."

III.—IV.
"Sept. XV—Stock Exchange."

VI.—V.
"The Street-Crossing."

VIII.—VII.
"An Ash-Cart."



IX.
"The Hanging Tramways."

X.
"Taken In."

XII.—XI.
"Evening Papers!"

XIII.—XIV.
"Ah, there!"

BALLADS of the TOWN XVI



THE ROMANCE OF LOUIS'S TABLE-DY-HOTE.

IT IS NOT very much in appearance; it might be improved as to fare,
But it's known as a good thirty-center, and that is the reason we're
there,

We children of shabby gentility, who bring our proud spirits to stoop
To sit at small tables chez Louis, and eat his uncommon thin soup.
And that, I suppose, was the reason of the man with the brown overcoat,
And the girl who once sat at my table — the Belle of the Table-dy-hote.

She sat the first day at my table because — well, because I am gray,
And I wear ruffled shirts and a tail-coat, in my poor old ridiculous way;
And I tie on my collars with tape-strings, that frequently hang out behind,
And I know I look senile and stupid — and perhaps I look stupid and kind;
And yet I had life enough in me her youth and her beauty to note —
And I told Monsieur Louis that evening he'd a belle at his Table-dy-
hote.

We got to be jolly and friendly, old garrulous Me and the Belle;
She told me her poor little story — there was n't much story to tell —
Her mother had died and had left her to work for her bread among men —
And the most of the lot were quite decent, with a cowardly brute now
and then.

And every evening at dinner the man in the brown overcoat
Sat and watched from the opposite table the Belle of the Table-dy-hote.

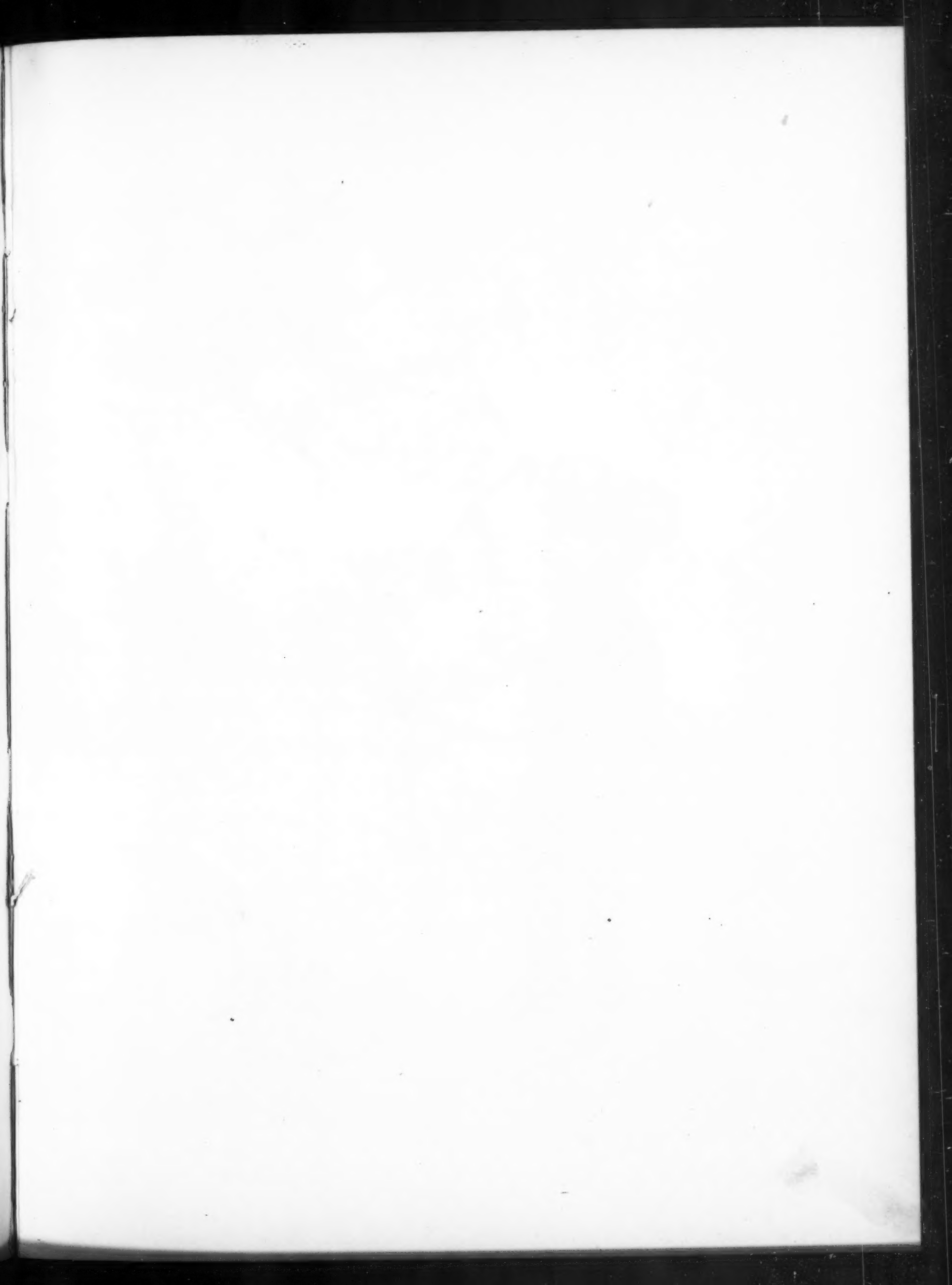
And one evening when she had gone homeward, and I sipped my coffee
alone,

The Overcoat came to my table, and pleasantly made himself known.
He's a lad I must like and must honor, but when his eyes glistened with joy
He gave a hard tug at the heartstrings of a lonely and stupid old boy.
And soon we were three at the table — the man in the brown overcoat,
And the man who is known as Old Tapestrings, and the Belle of the
Table-dy-hote.

They were married to-day, and before me is standing a mighty bouquet
That Louis's old waiters brought for her — too big to be taken away.
And Louis himself sent us over a quart of his finest champagne,
And here I am sitting and smoking, and they're going West on the train.
And the smoke wreaths hang heavy before me, and lingering, lingering float
Round the chair that she once used to sit in, the Belle of the Table-
dy-hote.

H. C. Bunner.







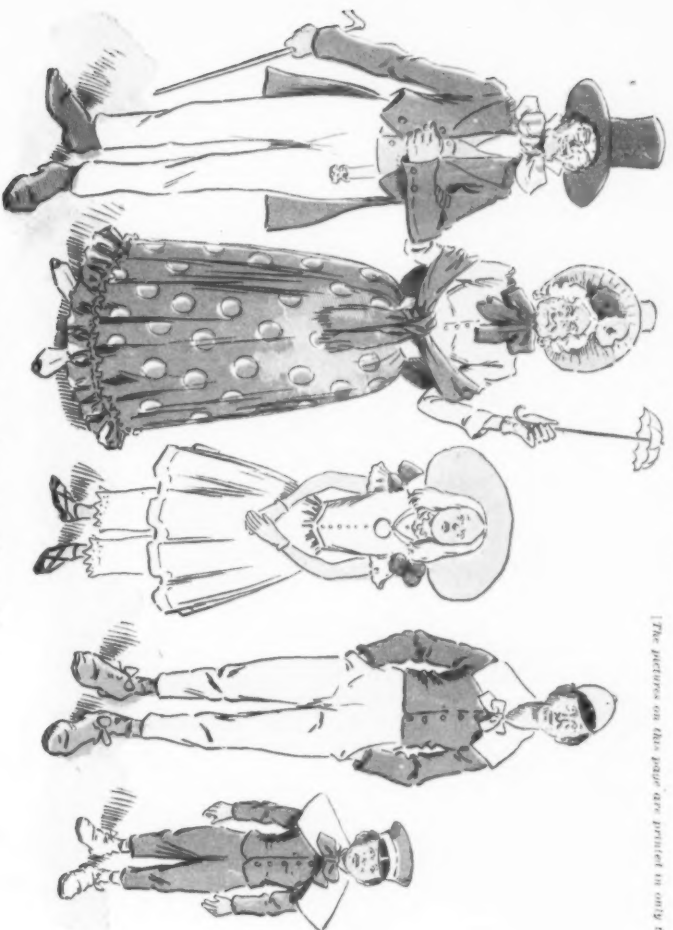


CHRISTMAS TREE.

has been added to the Struckile Family.

A FEW PICTURES FROM "PUCK'S PAINTING BOOK FOR CHILDREN" - BY FREDERICK B. OPPER.

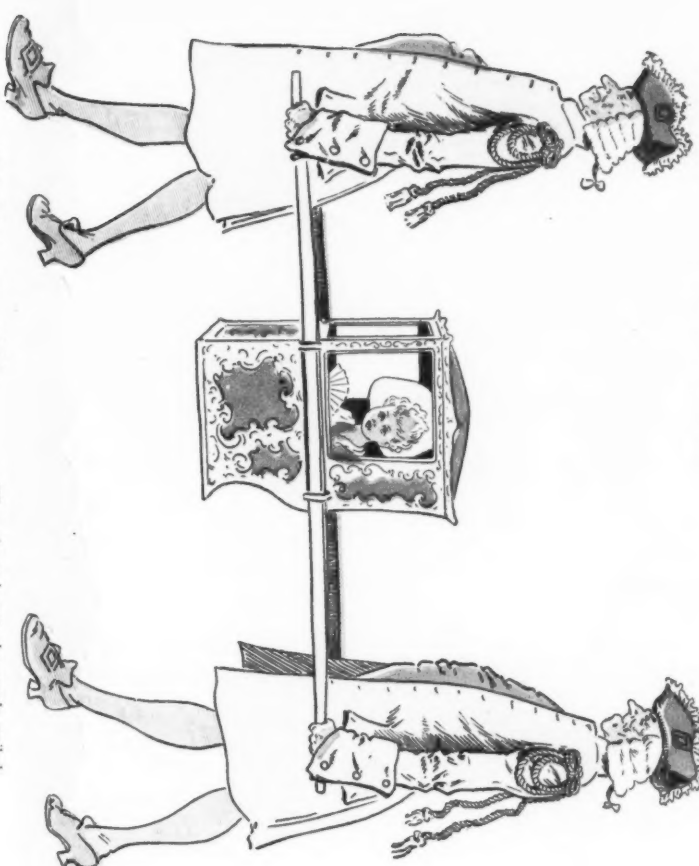
[The pictures on this page are printed in only three colors. In the "Painting Book" they are printed in five colors.]



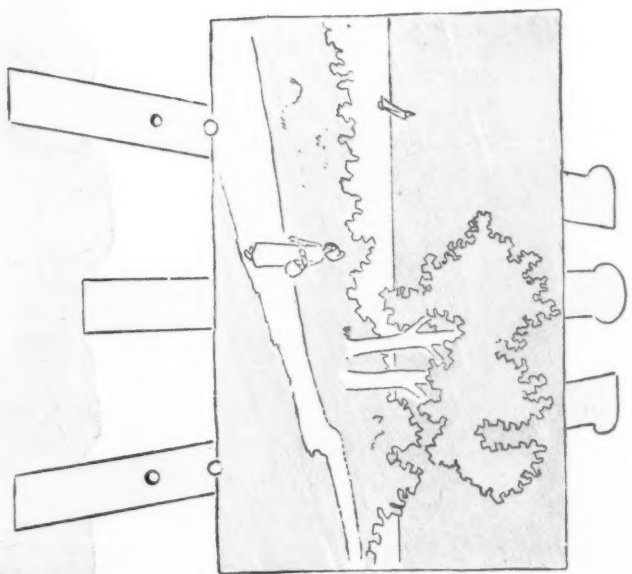
When the Peters family started for the Fair,
They were quite
A curious sight,
And made the neighbors stare.



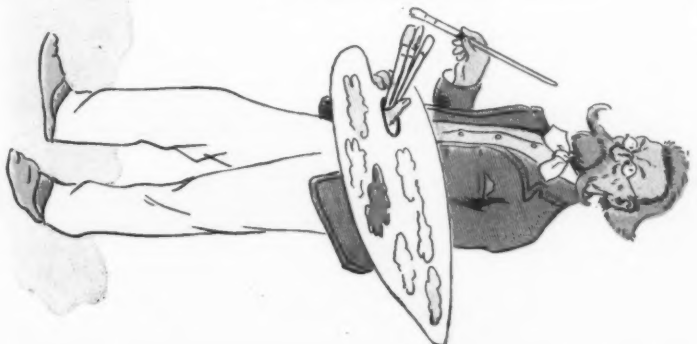
If you want to learn how to make a bow
And how to be polite,
Just watch good Doctor Josephus Proctor
And learned Professor White.



A little Princess, sweet and fair,
There was, in days of old,
Who had a wee, wee sedan chair,
All decked with blue and gold.



There was a funny artist that I knew,
Whose pictures were the queerest ever seen;
His trees and grass he always painted blue,
His ocean red, his sky a brilliant green.





THE SQUIRE'S SURPRISE.

A MODERN CHRISTMAS MYSTERY PLAY, WITH SERIOUS RESULTS.

CHRISTMAS EVE was always celebrated in the good old-fashioned way at White Oak Manor. Squire Sherrodd annually threw open his wide doors and welcomed his neighbors from all around. He was fertile in suggesting toasts that would enable his guests to empty the punch-bowl twice or thrice that evening, and he was lavish with his chickens and ducks

and fattened shoats that never lived to see a Christmas festival, since their birth dated from the Spring previous. A heifer was always sent from the house to the negro quarters', and bushels of apples and sweet potatoes accompanied it. In fact, the Squire acted just like a rich man on that one day of the year, and spent the remaining three-hundred-and-sixty-four in bringing his expenses within the limit of his income—assisted in the latter good work by his daughter Anne.

In regard to her he was selfish, for he swore up-and-down that *never* would he give her up to any young fellow that wanted her, and every one believed his word. Suitors she might have had in plenty; but the Squire acted the part of Dragon over his Fairy Princess, and the eligible young man held aloof.

All Topton can remember that

Christmas when the cold set

ears and cheeks aglow, when a thin sheet of ice formed in the bottoms, and Mistress Anne was just twenty years of age—what a wonderful year that was! I remember it perfectly when every one accused me of bringing a bit of our northern climate with me, and, for the sake of politeness, pretended that they enjoyed it.

"That's due to you," cried the Squire, when the first flurry of snow fell on Christmas Eve; and as the storm increased, the jovial host would look at me and inquire if I felt "at home." But the storm, which turned into rain, was forgotten in the preparations for merry-making; and when the table had been laid out, and the room decked with holly and mistletoe, and great logs were ablaze in the open fire-place, it was nearly time for the guests to arrive. I stood in the hall with the Squire, laughing and joking, when suddenly the old gentleman burst into a roar of hearty



A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

MRS. AFTERIM AND THE FIVE MISSES AFTERIM.—Father! What in the world are you doing?

MR. AFTERIM.—I'm changing these mottos, that's all! Another batch of Summer-board bills, and I'll be ruined.



THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

laughter. A moment's silence had preceded this outburst, and I was lost in astonishment.

"It's raining," gasped the Squire, between times; "and — and —" here he went off again.

I knew it was raining, and said so.

"Yes, yes; but it's the best joke," he spluttered; "you know Anne —"

I did.

"Yes — but that's not it — I must confide in you —" said the enigmatical old gentleman; "you know —"

I knew nothing, for at that moment the guests began to arrive, and, judging from the laughter outside, they came all at once. I stood by the Squire and was introduced to each one who entered.

"Hello, Cav., my boy!" suddenly shouted the Squire, as I began to wonder how much longer the procession would keep up. "Come in — glad to see you. How's travel? Pretty muddy, eh? Well, I reckon we'll have to keep you here to-night." The Squire burst into a laugh at this, while the young man whom he welcomed looked rather embarrassed. "Mr. Wright, my friend, Mr. Cavalier Broadnax. Mr. Wright is from up North, Cav.; so take him in and treat him kindly."

Mr. Broadnax obeyed, looking rather ill at ease, I thought. "By the way, Cav., Anne's upstairs," called the Squire after him; "but she'll be down right away;" and again the Squire literally roared with good-humor. I am afraid that I was rather absent-minded just then, for I was wondering what the Squire was about to tell me when he was interrupted.

Presently Mistress Anne came into the room where the young man and I were alone, and, overlooking me altogether, she ran up to the new comer, who seemed on good terms with everybody in the house.

"Is it all right?" she asked. "Are you sure?"

Broadnax nodded vigorously, and, looking at me, whispered something in her ear at which she grew red and shook her head.

"Why, of course!" said the young man, aloud; and, bending over, he kissed her. Mistress Anne ran to the door, and turned to throw a kiss in return to him, when she saw me for the first time, and with a cry of surprise slipped suddenly away. Mr. Broadnax might have supposed that such scenes were every-day occurrences with me by the careless way in which I referred to the weather when he turned.

"Yes," he said, absently; "it is bad. Damn this storm!" he added, suddenly, and with emphasis.

"That's what I say," laughed the Squire, entering at that moment; "but you must make the best of it, and stay here to-night. Eh — excuse me," and the Squire shot out again. Very curious his actions were that evening, and I wondered if Broadnax had noticed them; but, as I looked in his direction, he seemed to be lost in thought.

"Eh," he said, quite sharply, causing me to start; "I — eh — you." There was something mysterious in the air, and I concluded that the haunted room, where they placed guests when the house was full, worried the young man.

"You do not know," he began again, when the Squire's voice was heard calling him, and, seemingly glad of a chance, the young man escaped. I was at my wits' end when Mistress Anne entered and looked surprised to see me alone. She looked pale and worried, and I knew at once something was wrong.

"Can I not help you?" I asked, going toward her.

She started as though I had offered a pistol at her head, and was so much taken aback that I in turn grew nervous, and we must have made a pretty picture as the Squire looked in and yelled "Dinner!" at which we both jumped. I gave my arm to the girl, and she trembled violently as we went down the hall, so that I blamed myself for not minding my own business. It was a very jolly meal — everybody was in high spirits except Mr. Broadnax and my fair partner; and I fancied the Squire laughed rather nervously.

"How are the roads, Colonel?" asked the Squire, between one of the courses. I never saw such an interest displayed in anything before as Squire Sherrodd evinced in regard to the condition of the roads.

"Bad, sir, bad," answered the Colonel, from the other end of the table. "Mud clear up

to the axles — holes deep enough to bury a man, sir. Mules got stuck three times coming here."

The Colonel applied himself vigorously to his dinner again, but his host leaned back in his chair and laughed loud and long. Then he proposed a toast to the roads, and, as it was only an excuse to drink, everybody responded.

When the plum-pudding came on, the darky servitor whispered something to his master, which set him laughing again.

"Ha, ha!" he cried. "Would you believe it? — Beaver Dam's broken loose, and Big Muddy's risen so high that the bridge is gone — ha, ha, ha!"

It seemed rather a serious thing to laugh at, but as everybody laughed with the Squire — except Mr. Broadnax — I followed suit.

"Eh, Cav.?" queried the Squire, laughing heartily once more; and from that time he laughed continually, toasting the furious elements in all their guises. At the time I thought it was the punch, but later on I concluded that the condition of the roads caused his merriment.

When the ladies left us, the Squire rose to his feet. "My friends," he said, gravely, "I have a double toast to offer — a surprise to you all. I propose the health of Mr. and Mrs. Cavalier Broadnax, my much beloved daughter and that boy over yonder. By the way, Cav., you have the license? Mr. Pierce will perform the ceremony in the large hall. Gentlemen, Mr. and Mrs. Cavalier Broadnax!"

We all joined in a shout that must have startled the ladies, and began showering congratulations upon Broadnax, who looked as much astonished as we were.

"Eh, Cav.," laughed the Squire, "had n't you better find the bride?"

Do you know, gentlemen," he added, as Mr. Broadnax made his escape, "those young people were going to elope to-night — yes, sir, elope — because they imagined that I would keep my word and my daughter as well. But they can't elope — it's absolutely impossible — the roads won't permit it — ha, ha, ha! So,"

called the Squire at the top of his voice, in order that he might be heard outside, "WE WILL HAVE THE WEDDING HERE!"

Flavel Scott Mines.

NO FAINT HEART ABOUT HIM.

JENNIE (*reprovingly*). — But we're not under the mistletoe now, Jack!

JACK (*unabashed*). — So much the nicer!



AT THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

PRESTIDIGITATEUR. — Ha! what have we here? A live rabbit in this boy's pocket! Now, let us see what else he has concealed about him.

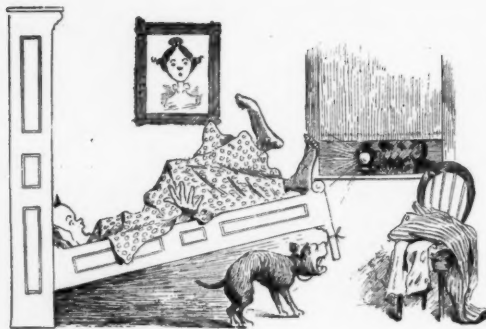


FRIGHTENED YOUTH (*producing cigarettes and dime novel*). — Here they are, Mister; that's all I've got — honest!

A SAFE BURGLARY.



Young Barclay Bowers with his turn-up nose,
In his turned-up bed turned up his toes,
And, guarded by Ponto, sought repose.



The faithful hound descried a light
And barked, as he had no time to bite,
Which woke young Barclay up in fright.



He gave a jump—the bed did, too,
And hid young Barclay Jones from view,
The dog said nothing. 'Twas all he could do.

HE DID WITHOUT IT.

MISS SWEETSER.—Will you come up to the Christmas gathering to-night? I shall be there.

JACK REDDY.—With pleasure. Am I expected to bring anything?

MISS SWEETSER.—No; but you might fetch a spray of mistletoe.

GOOD CHEER.

HENRY (*seated in the sitting-room at the old home-
stead, Christmas morning*).—Well, this is what I call genuine Christmas cheer, Uncle Eben.

UNCLE EBEN.—Ain't it, though? The boys got it into the house last night 'thout my knowin' it, too.

HENRY.—Got what into the house?

UNCLE EBEN.—That cheer you 're settin' in.

A GAME OLD BOY.

CHIPPS.—Gad! I wish I could play poker like Santa Claus!

TIPPS.—Did n't know 's he was any player.

CHIPPS.—You bet! and he's a daisy. Makes no odds how much stocking there is against him, he can fill every time.

WELL MOISTENED.

MRS. SHAUGHNESSY.—Thot 's a pretty dhry turkey yez have brought from the raffle, Teddy.

MR. SHAUGHNESSY.—Faix, that's quare; it ought to be dhrowned. Sure, there wor two barrels av beer spoiled in the winning av him!

ONE WAY TO ASK IT.

MR. BILLINGS.—Er—Miss Cooings—Clara—I have a question I would like to ask you.

MISS COOINGS.—Well?

MR. BILLINGS.—Don't you think it would be a good idea if—er—this were the last Christmas Eve that we come home single?

FANCY WORK—Poetry.

"DID YOU enjoy the opera?"

"No; I did n't hear it."

"Why not?"

"Two women sitting in front of me were explaining to each other why they loved music."

A SWELLED ONE.

MRS. HICKY.—How is your son getting along in college?

MRS. DICKY.—He is getting ahead rapidly. (*And there was more truth than she dreamed of in her statement.*)

PALMISTRY.

KITTY WINSLOW.—They say you can tell a girl's character by the way she holds her hands.

TOM DE WITT.—H'm; I can tell more about it by the way I hold her hands.

PROVERBIAL SILENCE BROKEN.

"What is to be your place at dinner?" asked Bivalve, of its brother oyster.

"In a select circle, I hope," returned Half Shell; "I should be awfully cut up if I had to go in with everything in the common stuffing!"

HARD LUCK.

UNCLE TOM.—Well, Bobby, what do you expect to get in your stocking on Christmas?

BOBBY (*disconsolately*).—Not much; Mom put me into socks last October!

DINNER PROSPECTS.

BREEZY WHISKERS (*facetiously*).—Goin' to dine out to-night, Pete?

BURLAP PETE.—Ya-as; unless I kin sneak in somewhere.

THE GREATEST YET.

"We owe Nature a great debt of gratitude for a man like Shakspeare."

"You're right. Nature put in a pretty big Bill when she sent Shakspeare."

NOT GUILTY.

"There goes poor Jones—bankrupt ever since his trial."

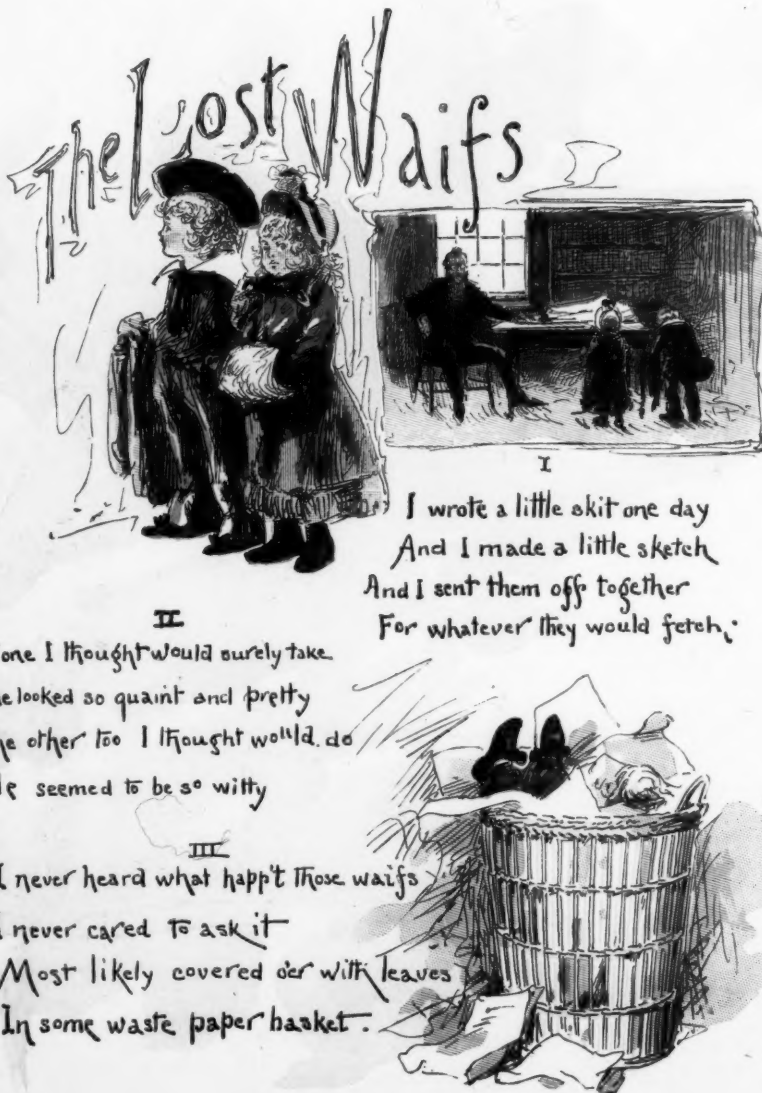
"Did he break the law?"

"No; the law broke him."

ONE MUST NOT look Santa Claus's reindeer in the mouth.

WHEN SANTA CLAUS climbs on the roof, he comes on a Christmas eave.

THERE IS ALWAYS plenty of room at the top, because we all want to get in on the ground floor.



The one I thought would surely take

She looked so quaint and pretty

The other too I thought would do

He seemed to be so witty

I never heard what happ't those waifs

I never cared to ask it

Most likely covered o'er with leaves

In some waste paper basket.

WON BY A NECK.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

MIDWINTER MARKETING.



"I WOULD LIKE a half-dozen quail," said she —
 "Sh-h-h!" said the marketman;
 "I ain't got the smell of a quail, d' ye see;
 But I can
 Give you fine English Ptarmigan."

"Well, perhaps some woodcock would do," said she.
 "Good lord!" said he;
 "Why, there ain't no woodcock — not to be had;
 But if you 're wantin' game reel bad,
 Why, seein' it's *you*,
 I c'n give you Siberian Phillimaloo."

"Oh, dear!" said she;
 "But perhaps you can sell me a pair of grouse?"
 "Not me!"
 Said the marketman decidedlee.
 "There ain't such a thing as a grouse in the house.
 But then,
 We've got dead loads of Australian wren."

"Good gracious!" she said, "it's very queer —
 But, oh! what a lovely, lovely deer!
 I think I'll take
 A venison steak!"

Said he, "you won't get no venison here!
 Why, Ma'am,
 I'm s'prised, I am!
 You would n't go f' t' call *that* a deer!
 Well, no! I sh'd *hope*!
 Why, that's a Montana antelope!"

"Well, I think it is just too bad!" said she,
 "For Mr. Smith is so *fond* of game —
 And he won't try *new* things, all the same;
 But he gets so tired of mutton and beef
 That a little game is a great relief;
 And I *would* so like to give him a change;
 But all your things are so *very* strange
 That although he is awfully fond of game,
 He might n't enjoy them, just the same."

And she said good day,
 And tripped away,
 In her dainty sack, all trimmed with fur;
 And the marketman looked after her,
 And he whistled as low as a pussy's purr,

Said he,
 "I will be,



If that man Smith he wants a change,
 And ain't goin' to go for nothin' strange,
 See?

It's my opinion he'll change to pork,
 Till his wife learns somethin' about New York!"



BEST WISHES.

"I THOUGHT," said the old book-keeper, "that as I had been with you
 now for twelve years, and have never —"
 "You know how business is this year," broke in the busy merchant.
 "I know it has n't been very profitable, sir, but we hope
 next year —"

"We hope! When the end of next year comes, we'll
 know all about it. Meantime, I guess we'd better all
 be contented to go on as we're going."

"Of course — y-y-yes, of course; but there's one
 thing I'd like to say, sir, if I'm not presuming.
 You know you took me on twelve years
 ago, at what I thought a pretty fair
 salary, and —"

"Experience don't amount to much
 in your line of work."

"Quite right. I — I did n't look for
 more. I've done real well, and I'm
 grateful for your kindness. You — er
 — you gave me a week's vacation last
 Summer, and I was thinking —"

"No one here gets more 'n a week."

"Oh, no! Why should they? I was thinking then,
 last Summer, how kind you were. Now I want to —"

"Is your bank account made up? It's quarter of
 three."

"I'm going to do that at once; but I may not see
 you alone again to-day, and I want to — to — to wish you
 a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year — and many
 returns."

There was a tear in the old book-keeper's eye, and his heart swelled
 with all the feelings properly pertaining to the Christmas season, as he
 grasped the merchant's clammy hand.

Then he made up his bank account.

Morris Waite.

VERY FORTUNATE.

MAUD. — Is n't it lucky for Santa Claus that Christmas comes in the
 Winter, Pa?

PA. — Why, my dear?

MAUD. — Why, if it was in the Summer, he could n't get here at all
 — there's no sleighing then, you know!



MCCUE'S BIG HEAD.

MCCUE (*starting out*). — Shure, there's too many bare
 shpots fer good sleddin', an too mooch snow fer good
 wheelin'; but shince now Oi've struck an average, it's aisier
 goin' Oi t'ink it'll be fer both me an' th' ould horse. Praise
 God fer me brains! Git up, Jerry!

"WE LIVE HIGH during the holidays," observed the turkey, as he
 retired to the topmost branches on the night before Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS PUCK.

SHOWING HIS GRATITUDE.

LITTLE WILLIE.— You know that little tenement-house boy, Mama? I took the package of candy I got for Christmas around to him to-day, and gave him half.

MAMA (*fondly*).— That was a good boy, Willie. What did the little tenement-house boy say to that?

WILLIE (*proudly*).— He let me lick him.

SAVED.

MR. VOWELLS (*the GREAT AUTHOR, to POOR WOMAN*).— Madam, I hear that you have nothing to eat for Christmas.

POOR WOMAN.— No, sir. Alas! I am starving.

MR. VOWELLS.— Then I am just in time. I have brought you an exact description of a turkey, written by myself.

POPULAR OPINION.

"What do you think of the present method of celebrating Christmas?"

"I think some method without the presents would be far more satisfactory."

TOO MANY COOKS.

With oysters, fowl and celery
The waiting table groans for me,
And I groan, too, and have no glee—
My goose is cooked by dyspepsee!

THE JUVENILE IDEA.

UNCLE BOB.— Here's a five-dollar bill, Tommy. Now, buy yourself something useful with it.

TOMMY.— Oh, I hate useful things; they can be got all the year round!

DELAYED BY HEAD WINDS.— The Man Button-holed by a Talkative Bore.

"UGH! IT'S SO discouraging to remember that life is but a span!"

"Well, let's drive it tandem, any how."

SEEKING ROSES IN DECEMBER.— The Artful Young Man with a Sprig of Mistletoe.

VERY MUCH RUN DOWN.— The Other Woman.

THE SMALL BOY at X-mas puts his best stocking-foot forward.

THE SMALL child is likely to look a gift horse in the mouth, and to put it there, too.

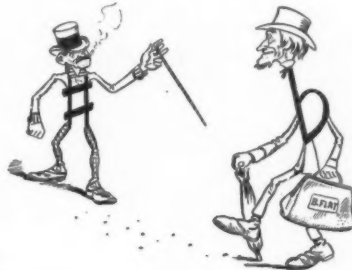
YULE-TIDE is by no means a hard knot.

HE.— Do you know what I'd do if I were you?

SHE.— No; what?

HE.— I'd marry me.

A MUSICAL STORY.



I.

A SHRINKING LITTLE THING— Your Last Dollar, when it's Changed.

ST. NICHOLAS' AVENUE.— The Chimney.

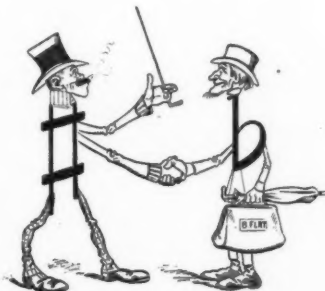
A STILL DRUNK.— "The Placid Bust of Pallas."

AN EARLY MARRIAGE.— Adam's.

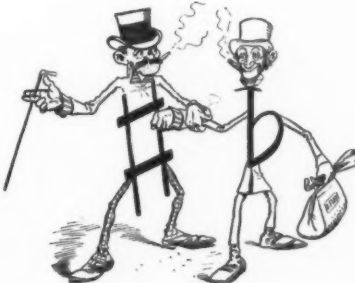
AN ANGEL'S BEAUTY is ideal. Should an anatomist draw one with the muscles necessary to move both arms and wings, we would see a queer figure.

WHEN PEOPLE speak of the simplicity of the old English character, they are not referring to Black Letter.

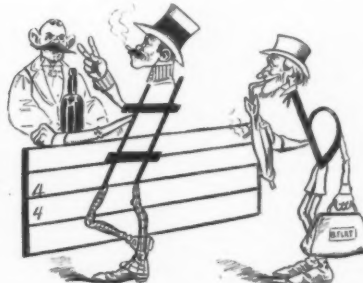
THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.— An Insurance Risk.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



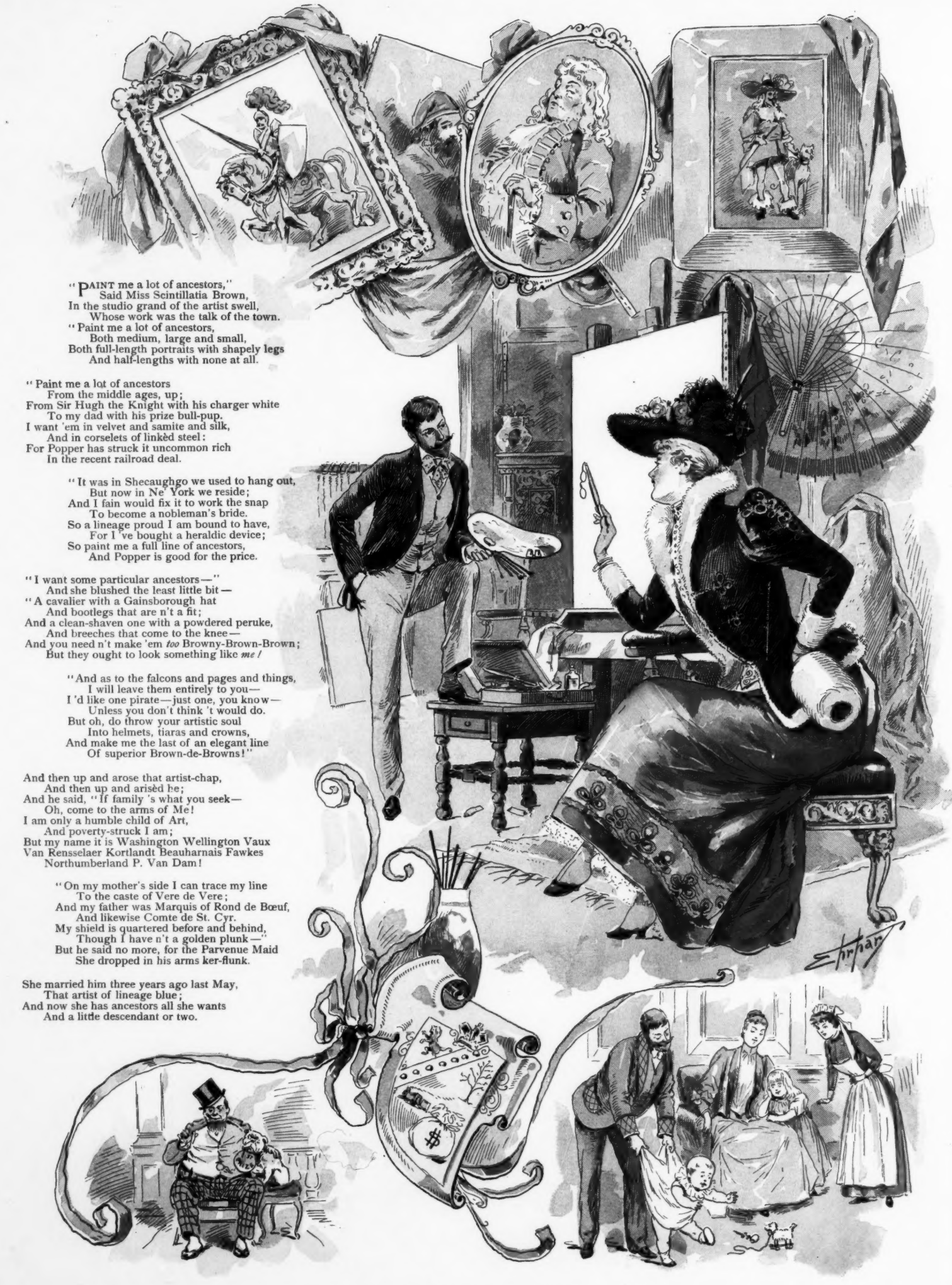
VIII.



THERE ARE MEN AND MEN.

CLERK.— I am very sorry; but we are all out of Mistletoe.
MISS KISSAM.— Dear me! Isn't there anything to take its place?

CLERK.— Well, Madam; that depends upon the man.



"PAINT me a lot of ancestors,"
Said Miss Scintillatia Brown,
In the studio grand of the artist swell,
Whose work was the talk of the town.
"Paint me a lot of ancestors,
Both medium, large and small,
Both full-length portraits with shapely legs
And half-lengths with none at all.

"Paint me a lot of ancestors
From the middle ages, up;
From Sir Hugh the Knight with his charger white
To my dad with his prize bull-pup.
I want 'em in velvet and samite and silk,
And in corselets of linked steel;
For Popper has struck it uncommon rich
In the recent railroad deal.

"It was in Shecaughgo we used to hang out,
But now in Ne' York we reside;
And I fain would fix it to work the snap
To become a nobleman's bride.
So a lineage proud I am bound to have,
For I've bought a heraldic device;
So paint me a full line of ancestors,
And Popper is good for the price.

"I want some particular ancestors—"
And she blushed the least little bit—
"A cavalier with a Gainsborough hat
And bootlegs that are n't a fit;
And a clean-shaven one with a powdered peruke,
And breeches that come to the knee—
And you need n't make 'em too Browny-Brown-Brown;
But they ought to look something like me!

"And as to the falcons and pages and things,
I will leave them entirely to you—
I'd like one pirate—just one, you know—
Unless you don't think 't would do.
But oh, do throw your artistic soul
Into helmets, tiaras and crowns,
And make me the last of an elegant line
Of superior Brown-de-Browns!"

And then up and arose that artist-chap,
And then up and arised he;
And he said, "If family 's what you seek—
Oh, come to the arms of Me!
I am only a humble child of Art,
And poverty-struck I am;
But my name it is Washington Wellington Vaux
Van Rensselaer Kortlandt Beauharnais Fawkes
Northumberland P. Van Dam!

"On my mother's side I can trace my line
To the caste of Vere de Vere;
And my father was Marquis of Rond de Boeuf,
And likewise Comte de St. Cyr.
My shield is quartered before and behind,
Though I have n't a golden plunk—
But he said no more, for the Parvenue Maid
She dropped in his arms ker-flunk.

She married him three years ago last May,
That artist of lineage blue;
And now she has ancestors all she wants
And a little descendant or two.

HER CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"WHAT WOULD you like for Christmas, dear?"
In an after-dinner mood
He kindly asked. (He had praised the roast,
And the claret was clear and good.)



She answered promptly, "An emerald ring;
Oh, I long for that! And enough
Of the finest sealskin to match my sacque,
And make me a lovely muff.

"Or else I should like a string of beads,
Pure gold, and an inlaid fan;
Or, if you could get me a swansdown
wrap
For evenings, — you dear old man!"

He smiled indulgence to each sweet whim;
But when Christmas dawnlight broke,
He gave her a pair of overshoes,
A clock, and a rubber cloak.

Madeline S. Bridges.

THE MARKET TURNED.

ONE DAY, while George Mace was walking through one of the side streets, just off Broadway, he saw a pair of vases in the window of a little shop. They were large and hideously Japanese in design, and therefore appealed strongly to his uncultivated taste.

The inspiration flashed across him that here were the very things to give Nellie for Christmas; they would look well on the mantel of her room, without destroying the effect of the other decorations, which were of a sort to stand a good deal of killing. The price was only five dollars, and they certainly made a great show for the money.

This was in September.

In October, George walked around and looked at the vases again. They were still there, but had been "Reduced to \$4.93."

"Wonder why they knocked off the seven cents?" thought he; "probably for luck."

Along in November, George took another look in the window. This time the vases were placarded: "Cheap! \$3.87."

"Better yet," he mused. "I guess I won't buy now; they may take another drop." And he turned and walked away.

A few days before Christmas, George strolled around to the little shop, fully determined to make the purchase.

As he drew near, a bright blue sign in the window caught his eye:

NEW IMPORTATIONS OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

At first George was afraid his vases might have been cast aside to make room for the new stock, but he soon saw them in the old corner.

Before entering the store, he stopped to read the figures on the ticket, and received a shock which nearly dislocated his nervous system:

"This Pair of Rare Old Japanese Vases — Tou Hi Period — Only \$17.00."

THE BEST foot on which to
put the Christmas stocking
is the foot of the bed.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES —
The Monocle and Its Wearer.

SPORT OF THE WINTER WIND
— A Game of "Freeze Out."

THAT WAS a thoughtful man who
gave his horse an extra good
Christmas dinner, forgetting that
the animal was a Mohammedan from
Arabia.



WORKING OVERTIME.

COLONEL GRAY. — Well, Uncle Jasper, I see you
have your Christmas turkey. You must have been working
right hard lately to be able to get such a fine fellow as that.
UNCLE JASPER. — Yas, sah; night wuk, mos'ly.



SETTING HIMSELF STRAIGHT.

"Oh, by the way, Lord Duckleton, it's rather odd,
but your name does not appear in Burke."

"Ah, I know that, Mrs. Van Cash! But I assure you
that the omission makes no difference with my actual
standing. Burke was very impudent to me on one
occasion, and I was forced to — eh — to kick him out of
my house. This is his revenge."

THE LAST THING THOUGHT OF.

MR. S. T. NICHOLAS (*Christmas Eve*). — Well, we've got everything
arranged now, the presents, the dinner, and — but it seems to me as if I'd
forgotten something, still!

MRS. NICHOLAS. — Was n't it your
intention to go to church in the
morning?

MR. NICHOLAS. — Why, yes,
sure enough! It's a religious
holiday, after all!

THE KIND SHE LIKED.

MRS. SANDERS. — We have
decided to make you sensible
presents this year, Rosie.

ROSIE. — That's horrid,
Mama. I like to have my
things characteristic of the peo-
ple who give them to me.

WELL NAMED.

"You might try one of our
Rip Van Winkle rugs."

"What is there special about
them?"

"They have an unusually
long nap."

EXCUSABLE.

"No monkey business, there!"

"But, officer, I'm an organ
grinder."

"THIS IS TOUGH!" exclaimed
the Oyster in the turkey-stuff-
ing; "here it's hotter than fourteen
Augusts in this oven, and yet folks
say I'm in season!"



ELDER WITHERBEE (to ELDER CHILBONE).—Look!—yonder is old Goody Yarbidge, whom I have long suspected of being in league with the Evil one—and, see—even now she is taking some devilish charm from its hiding place in that hollow tree!—let us seize the hag, hale her before the council and denounce her for a witch!



ELDER BOGHORN (taken by surprise).—I see that deception will not avail with ye, brethren, so here it is—'t is the last bottle of that old Geneva that came over in the Mayflower. I was keeping it for my private solace—but—ah—join me, brethren!

HOW A FIDDLER ACTUALLY PLAYED FOR A BENEFIT.



HIGH UP in the very heart of the Helicon range, on a narrow grassy ledge which looks down on the fertile Grecian valley, the bandits stopped and unbound their prisoner.

"Is it true," inquired the swarthy chief of the robbers, "that you are Signor Tarrarum, the fiddler?"

The prisoner's lip curled in haughty scorn, then a smile of pity crept over his face, and, taking the chieftain by the wrist, he led him to an open space among the trees; then, standing in the full blaze of the noontide sun, he smote his breast with his right hand, and exclaimed in ringing tones:

"I am Tarrarum, the only, the great, the matchless violinist!"

"It is evident," rejoined the robber, "that you are a musician; but if you *are* the great Tarrarum, then prove it by taking your violin and giving us a sample of your skill."

"Under the following conditions," rejoined the violinist. "First of all, you must announce my name in larger type than any of the others; and on the three-sheet posters it must be in letters at least a foot high. I must have a carriage to and from the opera house; and, finally, you must deposit twenty thousand drachmas before I put rosin on my bow."

"But," exclaimed the astonished robber, "there will be no advertisements or posters, and there is not a carriage nearer than the one we took you out of two hours ago. You are merely to play for our benefit that you may regain your liberty."

"What!" shrieked the violinist; "play for a benefit? Never! You forget, sir, that you are not dealing with an ordinary bandit, but with a musician—and a violinist at that."

The robber's cheek grew dark with rage. "Away with him!" he cried. "Bind him to yon funeral pyre, and apply the torch!"

A score of willing hands seized the musician and bound him to the stake, while the chief himself stood ready with a blazing torch.

"Remember," cried the undaunted Tarrarum in ringing tones, "that I die true to the principles of the Musical Union. I have not played at a benefit."

At this moment one of the members of the band stepped forward, and said to the chief: "Stay, one moment! It is years since we have heard any good music, because the prices are so high that no ordinary bandit can afford to buy a ticket. I was a fiddler myself once, years ago, ere I repented of my evil ways and became a thief. I alone know how to break this man's haughty spirit."

The chieftain stood one side, and his subordinate took from beneath his cloak a copy of the *Daily Risotto*, and began to read:

"At the concert last evening, Signor Trankadillo, Rome's favorite violinist, once more proved himself to be the matchless artist that he is—"

"It's a lie!" shrieked the captive, writhing in agony; "the man is no artist! He can not play! I alone am Rome's favorite violinist!"

"Silence!" roared the chief. "Continue!"

"Signor Trankadillo's rendition of the sonata in E flat was received with storms of enthusiasm, and he was twice recalled by the delighted populace."

"Enough!" moaned the unhappy prisoner at this juncture. "Stop this inhuman torture! Unloose these bonds, and I will play for you, though henceforth I must roam the earth an outcast from the Musical Union."

He played the sonata in E flat with such exquisite feeling that even the wind seemed to die away that the leaves might listen in every spray to the divine harmony. Then clasping his violin close to his broken heart, he started off down the mountain-side, and disappeared from sight forever.

For the first time in the history of the world, a fiddler had played for a benefit.

J. L. Ford.



THE NEW HOUSE AT LONSOMEHURST.

MR. PLANNS (who is his own architect).—You can put the refrigerator here.

MRS. PLANNS (who has an idea or two on the subject, herself).—And you can add a laundry on there!

ETHEL PLANNS (who has heard a good deal about it).—Where's the mortgage goin' to go?



"GRANDMA, I'M YOU!"

G. H. Foy.

DOROTHEA, DOROTHY AND DORA.

I.
DOROTHEA, DOROTHY,
Sweet, my darling Dora!
She's a veritable queen,
Fairest of the flora.

III.
Maiden in her tennis gown,
Radiant as Aurora,
Laughing with all keen delight
In the sport — that's Dora.

IV.
But when *tête-à-tête* we're seated,
Whispering common-places,
Filling in with dearer thoughts
Conversation's spaces;

V.
When I'm sure, of women all,
One is all to me —
Would you know that wond'rous one? —
She is Dorothy.

Irving S. Underhill.

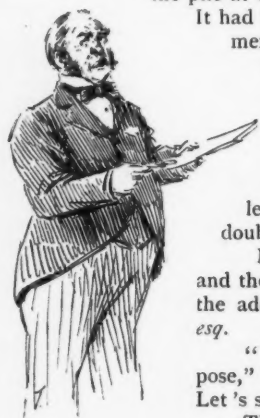
II.
When she's haughty, when provoked,
When inclined to be a
Trifle of the flirt with me,
Then she's Dorothea.



Blakeslee.

ABNER WITHERS'S CHRISTMAS.

ON THE TWENTY-FOURTH DAY OF DECEMBER, as Abner Withers, the senior partner in the firm of Withers & Co., picked up the mail that always awaited his arrival at the office, an unstamped letter on the top of the pile at once caught his eye.



It had been marked, "Returned to writer for prepayment of postage," above the address; and the firm's business card in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope showed where the post-office people had obtained the information that enabled them to return the letter.

"The boy has evidently been careless," thought Mr. Withers. "He has dropped that letter in the box without stamping it. I've no doubt it's an important one, too — what's this?"

Mr. Withers had taken the letter in his hand, and the break in his meditations had been caused by the address it bore, which was simply, *Santa claus, esq.*

"Huh! some tomfoolery of the office-boy's, I suppose," he continued. "He is always wasting my time. Let's see."

The letter read thus:

Dear Santa: We are Affraid you have forgotten were we Live. you didnt bring me or bertie Any thing Last cristmas Like you use to. we dont want you to forget us this time. Pleas bring me A pare of Skates and A big drum and A Saffty and bertie wants A choo-choo car that will go wen you wind it up, And you might bring him some pitcher books too, and A Set of bilding blocks. dont forget us, dear Santa claus.

Your frend,
Sammy Withers.

As Abner read the letter he grew thoughtful. The hard lines of his face relaxed. When he reached the signature, a moisture had gathered in his eyes.

"Poor Sammy and Bertie," he murmured; "my own motherless little ones! Bless their hearts! I have neglected them shamefully. To think they had to appeal to Santa Claus for Christmas presents when their own father is so able and willing to get them! Indeed, they shall have what they want, "safety," "choo-choo cars," and all.



AN ARABIAN JOKE.

ARAB SON. — Father, my camel is dead, and I know not what to do.

ARAB FATHER. — O Son! Go hump thyself!

260

As soon as the business of the morning was disposed of, Mr. Withers went to the toy-stores, and carefully filled the commissions which had been entrusted to Santa Claus by Sammy, and the work gave him greater pleasure than he had known in a long time.

He ordered the things to be delivered that night at nine.

Mr. Withers was unusually accessible to his boys that night. He told them stories, and he romped with them until Sammy cried, gleefully:

"Why, Papa, this is just like the good old times we used to have."

But Abner could not help smiling to himself at the uneasiness the children evidently felt. Once Bertie even went so far as to ask Sammy in a loud whisper if he supposed Santa had their letter yet; and the father had to turn his back to hide a laugh as Sammy pinched the little fellow, and whispered energetically:

"Hush up, quick! Next thing Papa'll hear you."

But the children were sent to bed promptly at half-past eight, and the packages arrived soon after. Abner received them himself, and then noiselessly entered the boys' bed-room, and disposed about the chamber the articles he had purchased.

When Mr. Withers went to bed, he said to himself:

"I do hope I'll wake in time to hear them get their presents."

But there was no danger of his not hearing them, for their cries of delight at daybreak would have awakened Rip Van Winkle himself.

He tiptoed to the door, however, and peeped through the key-hole. Sammy was mounted on his bicycle, and leaned against the wall for support while he tried to put on his skates.

"Ain't they just boss?" the boy exclaimed.

"Oh-h-h! ain't dey dust boss?" squealed Bertie, watching his choo-choo cars careering over the floor. Then his great blue eyes filled with satisfaction as he murmured:

"Santa Tlaus mus' 'a dot our letter, Bruvver. Don't oo s'pose he did?"

"You bet he did!" And over Sammy's face spread a look of tender retrospect — a look as we see on the chubby faces of Raphael's cherubs — as he added: "You bet he got it! I put it in one of his own envelops a-purpose."

William Henry Siviter.

ON THE DOUBLE-QUICK —
Compound Interest.

A TACIT UNDERSTANDING —
The Mute's.



"WELL?"



Nuts and Raisins.

EQUALITY CONSISTS of a theoretical view that you are a bigger man than the Marquis to whom you toady, and a practical belief that it is disastrous to interfere with the Boss of your Party.



IT IS all right to "bring the church into the home;" but when a man will stay there all the morning reading his Sunday newspaper because his clock has a "cathedral chime," the clergy may think that the thing is overdone.



IF A MAN would take as much pains in doing his duty as he does in getting up excuses for failing in it, there would be fewer "young men of long experience" applying for jobs.



THE INITIAL is the refuge which saves a child from the names which a parent can inflict.

THERE IS no mending a broken record. It is like the clothes that you've outgrown — good only for smaller men.

THE FLATTERY of imitation is n't always a thousand miles from the satire of parody.

THE PENALTY of a stolen kiss is often life-long bondage.

"HOPE DEFERRED maketh the heart sick;" and unless you have credit it has a bad effect on the stomach.

WHEN POVERTY is abolished we will have to set up an Asylum for Homeless Dogs. Their only friends just now are the poor men who can't afford to keep them.



THE HAPPIEST couple is that to which harmony has become so much a matter of course, that it comes as a surprise to remember that they were ever desperately in love with each other.

THE MAN whose mind is not made up should no more air his opinions than he would his bed in public.

LOVE LAUGHS at locksmiths; but in spite of that, the men of that craft are not always bachelors.

THE DETECTIVE is about the only man left who "does good by stealth" nowadays.

IF YOU WANT to see the latest wrinkle in clothes, sit down on the tails of a damp coat.

TRUE CHARACTER seldom appears on the surface. The slatternly hole in the heel of one's stocking is usually covered by well-polished leather.



THE HOME-MADE shirt is hardly a work of art, but it is often "hung on the line."

TO-BE IS a vain fellow, but his good-humor comforts us wonderfully when Has-been and Is look black upon us.



THE TROUBLE with the Woman's Rights woman is that she does n't know that she has got 'em. They are like the forgotten spectacles that she has shoved up on her forehead.

IF EVERY MAN helped himself, that part of the world which came late to the banquet would find bare platters.

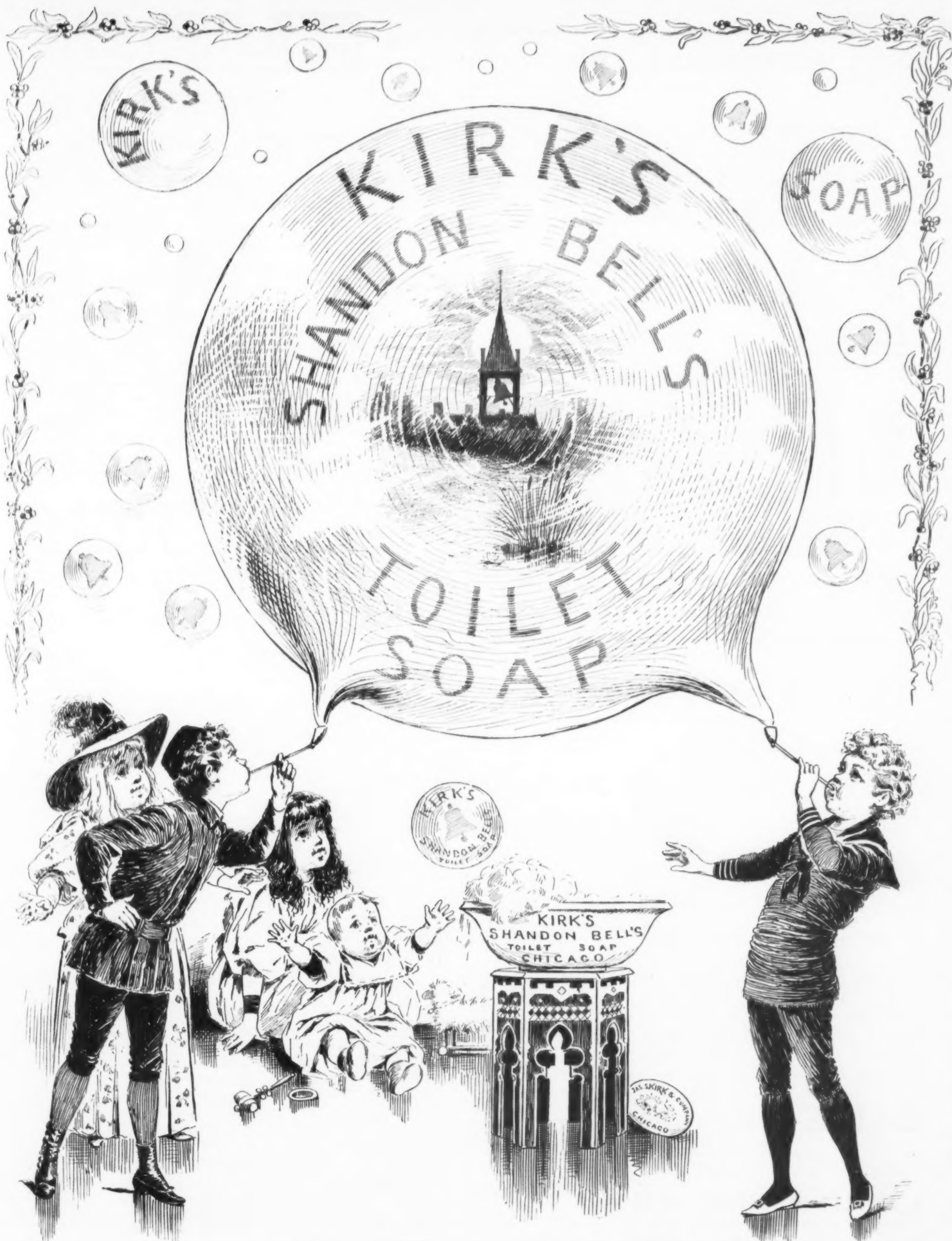
THIS IS the day when one-half the turkey-world does n't know how the other half dies.

CONSIDERING HOW awfully good the times of our grandfathers were, it's a great pity that the growlers were not young enough to enjoy them.



SEX HAS a great deal to do with the idea of beauty. Men do not dye their hair to look like their red-headed brothers.





LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

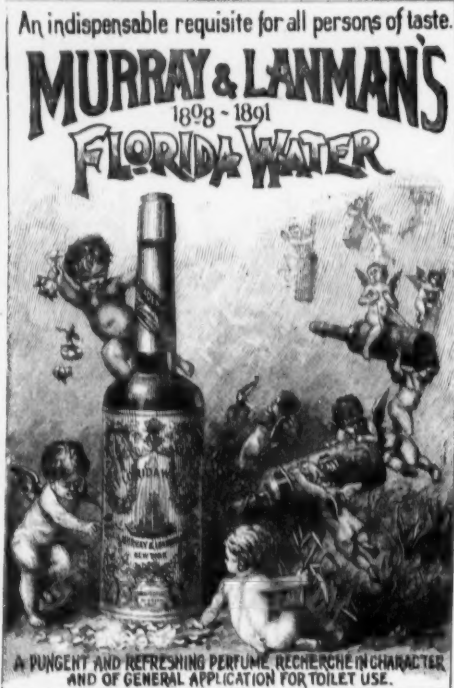
AN IDEAL COMPLEXION SOAP.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers; or, if unable to procure this **Wonderful Soap**, send **25 cents** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail. **JAS. S. KIRK & Co., Chicago.**

MATCHLESS FOR

An indispensable requisite for all persons of taste.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
1898 - 1891
FLORIDA WATER



THE TOILET

AND THE BATH.

THE HANDKERCHIEF,

A PUNGENT AND REFRESHING PERFUME, RECOMMENDED IN CHARACTER AND OF GENERAL APPLICATION FOR TOILET USE.

FURS

1891 . . . SEASON . . . 1892

LATEST AND EXCLUSIVE STYLES

CAPES - GENTLEMEN'S
JACKETS - COATS
WRAPS GLOVES
FUR TRIMMINGS CAPS
ETC.



RECEIVER OF SILVER
GOLD AND MEDALS

Paris Exposition - 1891

A. JAECKEL,

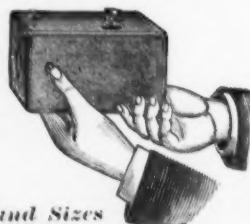
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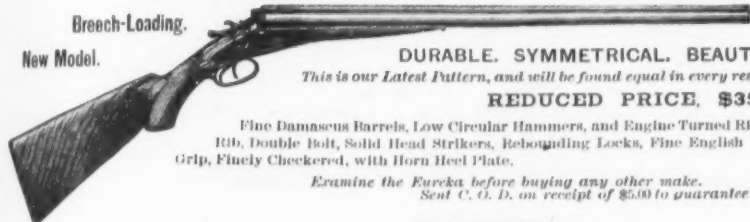


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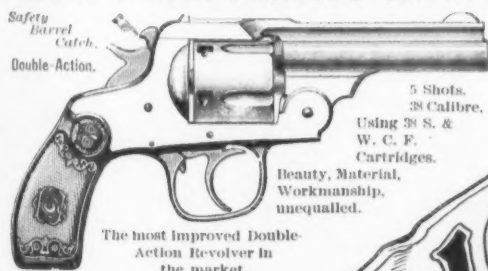
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SUSAN (not yet out).—Not at all; he has the manners of a street-car conductor.

CAROLINE.—Why, what do you mean?

SUSAN.—He is always saying: "Let's see, little girl, how old are you?"

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NATIVE.—That's a bear.

ENGLISH TOURIST.—Hand I was goink through Wall Street hunarmed?



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 SHE.—That's all.
 HE.—Then please kiss me good-by; my sister always does.

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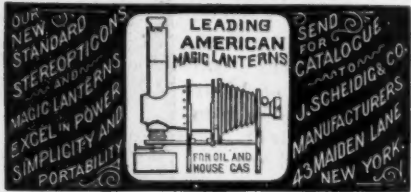
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TEACHER.—What is faith?

DICK BOY.—That which enables folks to enjoy eating clam chowder.

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No prettier kitchen maiden
Was ever to be seen.
No hot red hands, no burning face
Her neat appearance mar;
Her apron's clean, her face is fair—
Our kitchen's lovely star.

To make a dinner taste divine
To her is no great task—
Just name the flavor for your soup;
She'll give you what you ask.
And tell her what's your taste in soup;
And what's your gravy's flavor,
And she will suit you, we'll engage,
In color, style or savor.

What magic then is hers, who makes
So light a job of cooking?
Ah, 't is a simple little note;
But quite well worth your booking.
She uses *Liebig Company's*
World-famed beef-extract—know it?
It makes of cooking poetry,
And of the cook a poet.



She let him find her (quite by accident) doing housework when he called.



She heroically declined refreshments when he offered them.



When he tore her dress in the waltz, she told him that it did not "matter in the least!"



She tried to make him jealous by flirting with other men—but all without success.



—that fetched him.

At last, one evening, she played for him on a Sohmer Piano, and—